The Klan Clams Up *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 30, 1965, 35 cents

Running Wild

California's Political Rat Race

Andrew Kopkind

Why the Protests? — *The Editors*

Spiritless Alliance — *Robert Goldmann*

Marquis de Sade — *C. D. B. Bryan*

One Man's Warning — *Alex Campbell*

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WHO are the STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY?

". . . their education and experience is not exceptional. But they have—perhaps uniquely in this generation—grasped the enormity of the contradictions in the American experience, and they have committed themselves to work for basic change."

Andrew Kopkind, writing in *The New Republic.*

"They are thoroughly indigenous radicals: tough, democratic, independent, creative, activist, unsentimental."

Jack Newfield, writing in *The Nation.*

"Their hope is to see the emergence of grassroots political organization in many parts of the country capable of developing a program and a constituency independent of local political machines and the national Establishment. . . ."

from a letter by W. H. Ferry, A. J. Muste, and I. F. Stone.

Young people in America are in motion, motivated by their common desire to find the truth behind the rhetoric, to reiterate values as the basis of politics, to formulate alternatives to helplessness in American politics, and to reaffirm a belief in the ability of ordinary people to make the basic decisions which affect their lives.

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- Moving to organize the poor and dispossessed in the urban North, SDS evolved a network of independent community unions, utilizing this last summer alone 200 students as full-time organizers.
- **On the campuses, SDS's growing base of 80 chapters has been responsible for an enormous increase in student concern for the quality and relevance of current education, freedom on the university campus, and the role of the university in the defense economy.**
- In its quest for an American foreign policy capable of perceiving as legitimate the aspirations of people in underdeveloped countries, SDS has sought through education and action to end the war in Vietnam. SDS began its program to create an independent, radical peace movement through its organization last April of the 25,000 man-March on Washington—the largest anti-war demonstration in the history of the country.
- **And conscious of the role of the student, SDS seeks to broaden the educational opportunities of all students through its publication of three periodicals and over 60 occasional papers and pamphlets.**

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- **If you are a concerned friend, send a contribution and write for more information.**

The responsibility for change falls on those who feel its necessity.

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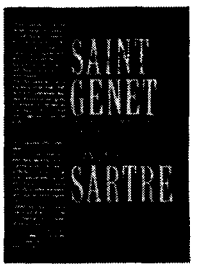

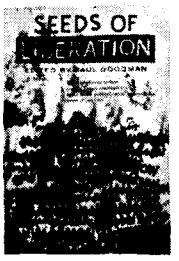

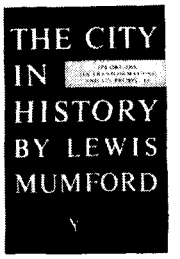

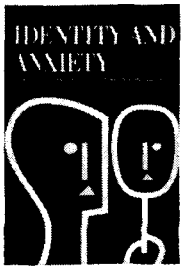

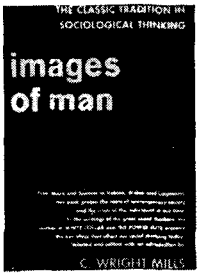

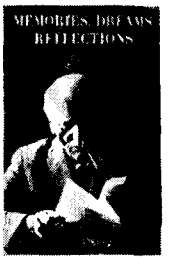

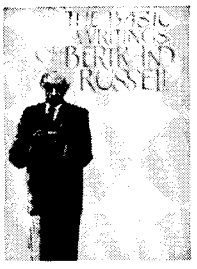

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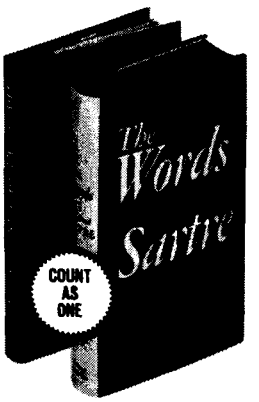

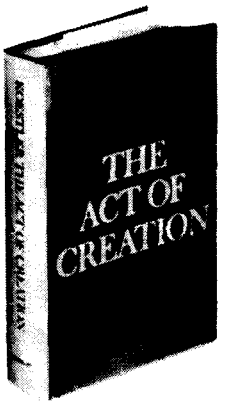

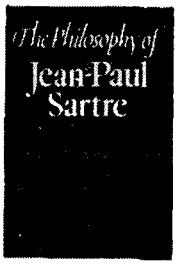

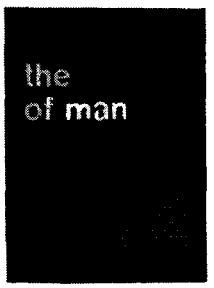

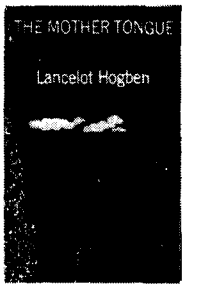

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Rescuing New England

★ If you had been in the House of Representatives one day last week as it rushed to adjourn you would have seen a strange sight: the delegates of a region kicking and screaming against the gift of a quarter billion dollars.

The region was New England, and they were putting up a game fight against receiving a mercy rescue mission from the rest of the country to help unhappy citizens who pay the highest electric bills in the nation. No section is more dominated by private electric corporations: they infiltrate the newspapers and pull the strings of local Congressmen. And there the Congressmen were – a fascinating sight indeed! – beating their breasts for private enterprise and denouncing everybody for not letting them alone. The other members insisted that the fourth corner of the US should now have a federal TVA-type power yardstick – the Dickey-Lincoln School project – like those in the other corners.

George W. Norris used to be a member of the House. He would have relished what was happening. About a third of a century ago he saved Muscle Shoals from Henry Ford and launched the great TVA-procedure which now, at last, was knocking over a final bastion of low-use, high-cost, non-competitive private power.

"The time has come for the rest of us," declared Rep. Jim Wright (D, Texas), "to put aside whatever parochial reservations we may have and assist New England." The region pays about 20 percent more for electricity than elsewhere, he said.

Bull-voiced "Tip" O'Neill (D, Mass.) rose to defend his area from rescue. "Why so many bleeding hearts for New England?" he bellowed. "Why do you try to stick it down our throats?"

Some New England Congressmen thought differently. Maine's Senator Muskie recalled President Johnson's encouragement a year ago on the project: "It is New England's turn at bat."

Muskie declared that "the only real opposition comes from private power companies." Maine, of course, is the big immediate beneficiary. Maine used to have 10 Congressmen; today only 2. "Maine's greatest export is its young men," said Rep. Tupper (R, Me.) sadly. But textile and shoe firms have been emigrating from all parts of the area to cheaper power for generations. And for years experts have been saying why. Federal Power Commission chairman Swidler said that not since 1953 has a generating plant in New England been included in the first 20 in the country in efficiency: "New England in the past has built and still relies on too many small and inefficient generating plants and on too few of the large, low-cost units."

Inefficiency may injure consumers, but where you have a monopoly it doesn't hurt producers much. A recent study of 28 companies in the area shows them getting well above the usually allowable norm of 6 percent return; 14 were getting 7 percent or higher; five 8 percent or higher and one fortunate lamb of free enterprise, 11 percent.

Great Untapped Resources

★ The big new yardstick project is in the $2 billion annual rivers and harbors bill. Some of the other items in the bill are questionable and President Johnson may still veto it. If the power project survives it will probably be completed around 1972, will have an ultimate capacity of 760,000 KW (Bonneville dam has 520,000) and will pay for itself in 50 years. For every $1 invested it will pay back $1.80, including interest and amortization. It will link, according to Secretary Udall, "the great untapped hydroelectric resources of Canada with the steam generating systems of New England, similar to the Pacific Northwest-Pacific-Southwest intertie."

In other words, a northeastern grid is foreseen, probably the forerunner of a national grid as better transmission methods are achieved, interchanging between states, later with Canada.

It is worth taking a look at these federal yardsticks – TVA, Bonneville and the rest – and noting what they have done. Every one of them was fought tooth and nail by outraged private utilities. Everywhere they introduced competition and lowered rates. And everywhere the cheaper electricity increased sales and ultimately meant more profits for the very corporations who fought them in the first place. The government does not retail the electricity; it turns it over to the private companies or consumer cooperatives.

When the rivers and harbors bill first came to the House the New England Congressmen ganged up against the Dickey-Lincoln School project and thought they had done it in. A specific amendment to kill it passed 207-185. Every Congressman from Rhode Island voted to kill, every one from New Hampshire, every one from Connecticut, and 10 out of 11 from Massachusetts. Rhode Island residential consumers pay 30.3 percent above the national average for electricity; New Hampshire 27.1 percent; Connecticut 12.7 percent; and Massachusetts 34.7 percent. One can only speculate on the reactions of voters in these states to the guardianship of such representatives. Only four New England Congressmen out of 24 voted for the project – Hathaway (D.) and Tupper (R.) of Maine, Stafford (R.) of Vermont, and MacDonald (D.) of Massachusetts.

The anti-yardstick majority from New England was just enough to delete it, and it seemed dead. But over in the Senate they put it back. Last week the conference report returned to the House, only this time the New Englanders couldn't vote on Dickey-Lincoln School alone; they had to vote for or against the whole rivers and harbors bill.

The people who put up campaign funds are the private power companies and yet, on the other hand, a conscientious Congressman who voted against the pork barrel bill this year must remember that some of his friends might vote against *his* project next year. It is heartwarming to report that under such pressure a majority stuck to their ideals – 13 voted against the overall bill, 9 voted for it, and 2 just didn't vote. It is nice to know this, and we can only think of one thing nicer; to be in an appropriate constituency where we, too, could vote in 1966.

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Why the Protests?

The Administration recognizes that its argument against peace demonstrations (they encourage the Viet Cong to go on fighting) cannot and should not be used to foreclose public discussion. Attorney General Katzenbach made that plain in his press conference in Chicago. Mr. Katzenbach went further. He does not think any conspiracy against the government would be shown were a group of people to march down the street chanting "disobey the draft law," and although he believes that "the danger of what these young people are doing is that it will be misunderstood abroad," he does not equate antiwar agitation with treason; nor does he think these student protests present any "clear and present danger to the security of the United States in any major way yet." His unflustered remarks are in sane contrast to the wild cries on Capitol Hill and elsewhere. And of these we can expect more. If this undeclared war goes on and the cost goes up (one general just back from Vietnam speaks of the possibility of the *beginning* of US withdrawal *five years hence*), protesters may be kicked around more savagely, verbally if not physically, than they are today. As Americans lose their lives in Asia, more Americans here will lose their heads. That is why the Attorney General's calm words are useful. A solid wall needs to be defended now, an unassailable wall that protects dissent – however vehement.

Mr. Johnson is concerned over "lack of understanding about what we are trying to do in South Vietnam." He seems to suggest that if every loyal American knew what the President knows, he would agree with the President. But it is not so. Knowing quite well what we are trying to do in Vietnam, well-informed people oppose our trying, or object to how we are going about it. The undeclared war in Vietnam has touched the consciences of an influential and thoughtful minority, whose anxiety and defiance cannot "be yanked out by the roots," as Senator Proxmire urged last week. Nor is their protest "substantially . . . the product of Communist leadership," as Mr. Lausche of Ohio believes. Nor are their leaders, as Senator Kuchel thinks, "vicious, venomous, vile." The parallel, though not exact, is rather with the way French intellectuals responded to the brutalizing French war against the Algerians. Uneasiness in this country over Vietnam has not been touched off by Communists or other propagandists, but by American press photographers and reporters. Seeing their pictures and reading their dispatches, a sizable number of Americans are convinced that what looks like a policy of terrorism (napalm bombing,

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massive air strikes and the destruction of villages, South Vietnamese tortures of Viet Cong) is not justified by any threat to our national interest. This applies with still greater force to US attacks on the North. For although that bombing is officially explained as a necessary means of forcing Hanoi to talk, it begins to appear that the President's goal of "unconditional discussions" is hardening into a policy of unconditional surrender.

Under these circumstances, one expects the young people of the Students for a Democratic Society to say, as they did last week, that they will go right on pursuing their "legal opposition" to the war. The view of Paul Booth, SDS National Secretary, that the Viet Cong, far from being an "enemy," are fighting a "legitimate war of liberation" is shared by relatively few Americans. But one need not buy his version of history to believe, as this journal does, that now is the time for a more informative and explicit cease-fire call from Washington, for an end to the bombing of the North, and for an acceptance by the Administration of the necessity of talking with the political representatives of the Viet Cong, as well as Hanoi. The President can certainly find a way to get through to the Viet Cong, other than by bombing places where they may or may not be hiding. To say, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and others do, that although we never should have got into the war, now that we are in it we must stick, is to say we are doomed to compound past error.

We shall be seeing a variety of demonstrations and counter-demonstrations in coming weeks. Respecting their constitutional rights to assemble, speak and petition does not mean respecting every tactic that is used. In our judgment, for example, the Students for a Democratic Society do themselves and their aims a disservice by welcoming Communists in their ranks, and by making a virtue out of indifference to the possibility of Communists becoming the dominant voice in their organization. The experience of the liberal and labor movements with Communist infiltration in the '40's ought not to be brushed aside as irrelevant. And although the Sino-Soviet split has spawned varieties of Marxists today, and the term "Communist" is far more ambiguous than it was during the Korean war, a clear distinction remains between the advocates of a democratic society and those who wish to destroy it. In his Chicago press conference, Mr. Katzenbach judiciously avoided any charge that current peace demonstrations are Communist controlled. But he did point out, and the Students for a Democratic Society do not deny it, that "there are some people [active in the demonstrations] who are Communists or who are very closely associated with Communists." The SDS is "anxious to advance the cause of democracy." If they mean political democracy as we understand it, they will deal more realistically than they have with the fact of Communist participation.

What of the "draft-dodge" campaign? Conscientious objection to military service has long been tolerated as a token of the value our society assigns nonconformity. And conscience is not necessarily expressed in conventional religious forms. Surely the Administration can summon up a better response to conscientious protest than sending six FBI agents to arrest a Catholic pacifist, David J. Miller, for burning his draft card. That anyone should be subject to a $10,000 fine or five years imprisonment for destroying a draft card is ridiculous. One can be drafted or deferred or ruled exempt, with or without producing a card. Indeed, it is probable that Mr. Miller would not have bothered to burn his draft card, if there were no law prohibiting it.

As to the draft itself, is there one of these indignant US Senators who thinks that the desire to avoid military service is a monopoly of the peace activists? The inequities and iniquities of the draft are common conversation among those between 19 and 26. It has hitherto been fairly easy to dodge the draft, and this has led to understandable disgruntlement by those who don't try or don't succeed. Draft boards appear to vary widely in the ways they apply the rules. Before the recent acceleration of the call-up some boards wouldn't grant student deferments except to genuinely full-time students, while to others even one credit hour of class work qualified a "student" for deferment. The student who wrote the California pamphlet on how to evade the draft claims he got himself exempted at his preinduction physical merely by carrying a placard criticizing war.

There are at least three consequences of these draft vagaries: (1) About half the men of military age actually escape the draft; (2) There is an urge to become either a "student" or a father or, preferably, both, just to avoid service; and (3) the wealthy and middle class have the best chance of keeping out of uniform, since they can best afford to go to college, and if need be stay there. Moreover, since a young man may not know if he will be "caught" in the draft or not, he faces uncertainty of employment through the unwillingness of

COMING: *Henry Fairlie on the hidden meaning of "consensus" in American politics*

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firms to give jobs, or job training, to those who still may be drafted. The Universal Military Training and Service Act is a glaring misnomer and needs to be either reformed or abolished.

At bottom, of course, the peace demonstrations are not against the draft. They are against the war, and they are manned by people who care deeply about their country. Americans do not shut up when their convictions are engaged, even when told that by sounding off they may mislead Hanoi, Peking or Havana. America does not speak with one voice, nor does its press. And if it did, there would be even less reason for fighting in Vietnam. The essential fact is this: For almost nine months, the US has been bombing Vietnam, killing, maiming, making homeless thousands of Asians who have no more taste for war than do the demonstrators in Berkeley or New York. This has been done without declaring war, thus depriving captured GI's of whatever protection they would be entitled to as prisoners of war. And all this suffering and the prospect of more to come has failed to get us closer to a tolerable peace.

Kennedy Backs Away

Senator Ted Kennedy's anguished, last-minute decision to let Francis Morrissey's nomination slide back into the hands of the Judiciary Committee ought to put an end to the chances that this political hack might become a federal judge.

Both Kennedy and the Senate leadership said they had the votes in hand to put Morrissey through when the nomination finally reached the floor Thursday noon last week. But the Democrats plainly were relieved at not having to go through with the sickening chore of supporting a colleague when there was so little to recommend his cause. Indeed, there was every possibility that the stench from the Morrissey affair would have been around whoever voted for him for a long while.

In asking the Senate to recommit Morrissey's nomination to the Judiciary Committee, Kennedy said, "I would want any nominee of mine to be confirmed on a record clear and complete enough so that any fair-minded person after study would conclude from the record that the judge has the necessary integrity and qualifications. . . ." That would seem to close the Morrissey file for good.

Morrissey was recommended for the position of federal judge in Massachusetts because he labored long and well for the Kennedy family. He got a law degree at a diploma mill in Georgia, subsequently flunked the bar exam twice in Massachusetts, had no federal court trial experience – all of which affronted the sensibilities of the legal profession; and he had trouble explaining how he happened to be listed as a Georgia resident while supposedly abiding by a one-year Massachusetts residency rule prior to running for state office there.

Medical Services

This month President Johnson signed into law a bill providing for federal grants over the next three years to set up regional medical programs to attack heart disease, cancer and stroke. Together the three diseases kill more than a million Americans each year and account for more than 70 percent of all deaths in the United States. The importance of the legislation, however, extends beyond the fight against three major diseases: it is the first attempt by the federal government to make quality health care available to everyone.

The federal government has long been a big health spender ($4.6 billion in fiscal 1964, for example). But most of this money has gone to finance programs which do not directly involve treatment of patients, such as hospital construction, research, scholarships and grants to medical schools. When the federal government has ventured into patient care, it has done so to meet the medical needs of special groups—those on welfare, wards of the state, children, Eskimos, Indians and veterans. With the exception of the VA Hospital program, the care provided has certainly been no better than that available to the average person, and often not as good. Indeed, everyone has been affected by the shortage of skilled specialists with access to the expensive and sophisticated equipment often found in only a few large medical centers. The 1965 law may begin to change all this.

$340 million in grants will be awarded by the Surgeon General to cooperating medical schools, research institutions and hospitals to finance research, training of specialists and patient care. There will be liaison between large medical centers, hospitals and medical schools in a big city, state or interstate region. Doctors will be able to refer patients requiring specialized care to the nearest regional facility for diagnosis and treatment. And center specialists will visit local hospitals. Flexibility will be encouraged and programs will vary from center to center according to the ingenuity of local planners.

The act promises to preserve the existing patterns of financing patient care, whatever that means, but no one is likely to be turned away simply because he is unable to pay. Nor will the available care be limited to patients suffering from heart disease, cancer and stroke, narrowly defined. The "and related diseases" provision of the legislation will cover other disorders.

The initial program is modest – probably no more than 25 or so cooperative programs to be started in its first three years – and there will not be enough money to finance all of the regional complexes that are needed. But it is the beginning of a new cooperative relationship between government, private and public institutions that will bring the finest medical care to all who need it.

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Hanky-Panky in the House

Dissatisfaction among members of the House Banking and Currency Committee over the way Wright Patman, the chairman, has handled bank merger legislation exploded into a mutiny last week. Without the chairman's knowledge 15 or so angry dissidents stole into the darkened committee room and before they were finished had passed out a bill that would excuse certain bank mergers and restrict the Justice Department in future antitrust prosecutions.

For three months the wily Texas populist, who doesn't care for the Wall Street crowd, fought tooth and nail against a sizable number of his committee colleagues to keep this legislation from reaching the House floor before this session of Congress ended. Once on the floor, he feared, the pressures of the banking people would assure passage of a bill favorable to them. (Earlier this year the Senate did approve a bill to forgive certain bank mergers and hamstring the Justice Department.)

In August, when hearings before the Patman Committee began, Attorney General Katzenbach argued that the Senate version was little more than special-interest legislation for the relief of six banks, whose recent mergers either were ordered undone in court or now are being prosecuted by the government for violation of the antitrust laws. Among them was the fourth largest bank in the country, Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company of New York. Its 1961 merger was found in violation of the antitrust laws in federal district court this spring, a short time after which the anti-merger bill made its appearance in the Senate. Katzenbach said he could not understand why there was so much interest in the way the Justice Department prosecutes antitrust laws in regard to banks since the banking agencies have approved over 700 merger applications since 1960, and the department had brought antitrust action in only eight instances.

In subsequent letters to Patman, however, Katzenbach indicated the Administration had modified its position, and that it might be well for him to come back and testify again. Several motions requesting Katzenbach's recall were put before the committee but voted down each time.

By the end of September, the pro-bank forces (they included six or seven Democrats led by Thomas Ashley, a Democrat of Ohio, and the 11 Republicans led by William Widnall of New Jersey) got enough signatures on a petition requiring Patman to hold hearings for the purpose of drafting a bill. Patman outlasted these; at the final one of the sessions forced on him, the chairman turned up promptly at 10 am, counted 15 members present, then gleefully adjourned for lack of a quorum of 17. With Congress heading for adjournment by the weekend, it looked like Patman had won the delay he wanted.

Then Ashley hit on a shrewd idea. Although in practice the committee rules are seldom followed, they do require that meetings be held the first and third Tuesdays of the month. Patman of course had no intention of holding a meeting last week at that time. In fact, at 7 am that Tuesday, he took his wife to the hospital.

Ashley quietly gathered his supporters and went to the hearing room at 10 am. It seems to have been locked, for a staff member remembers that one Congressman asked to have the room opened so he could get some papers from a desk. The Congressman disappeared inside, and shortly afterward a secretary, sitting in the adjoining committee staff room, heard voices and the shuffling of papers. She went in and discovered a group of men sitting in the dark. She turned on the lights, and sounded the alarm.

Ashley's men had not told the rest of the committee what they were up to, until they were sure of a quorum; thus opposing members were not called until close to 10. (One member said he heard nothing about it until 11:30.)

It was shortly after 10 when the office of Congressman Reuss, a Democrat from Wisconsin, who is senior to Ashley and is not part of the anti-Patman revolt, received a call from Ashley's office that a meeting was underway. This was news to Reuss who went down the hall to see what was going on. Finding 14 or 15 members, as he put it, "apparently carrying on a meeting," Reuss took the chair and on being presented with a memo from Patman to the staff clerk canceling the Tuesday meeting, he declared the meeting illegal and left.

This maneuver did not put off the insurgents, and with Ashley back in the chair, they voted to report out a bill exempting three of the bank mergers, including that of Manufacturers Hanover, and changing the rules under which the Justice Department may bring antitrust cases in the future so that they are more in line with the wishes of the bankers.

Patman came on the group after it had finished its main business. He declared the meeting illegal, ordered the recording secretary to leave and locked up her notes.

Even then the mutiny continued. Shortly after the House convened at noon, Ashley who had been instructed to carry to the main body the rump report if the chairman refused, was granted unanimous consent until midnight to file a report. Patman appeared later in the afternoon to describe the mutiny. But Ashley's people already were working to find Judge Smith, chairman of the Rules Committee, and get the legislation a rule so it could be brought to a vote before Congress left town.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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"We've Got to Do Something"

They March, Doubting They Will Overcome

Berkeley, California
From our Correspondent

It was easy enough to "bring the University to its knees" as the Berkeley students last year had promised, and had done. To change the course of American foreign policy was somewhat more difficult. The Vietnam Day Committee (it is known to friend and foe as the VDC) began last semester with a giant teach-in. It graduated to direct action during the summer, and was largely unsupported by the students. No one, after all, wanted to lie down in front of the Super Chief.

Then some of the old Free Speech leaders, aided by a few of the faculty members who were still with the VDC, took charge of the committee. If the protests were to accomplish anything, they would have to attract broad support and build a continuing organization. This time there would be no mass arrests (which kill protest movements), nor would there be civil disobedience. If the marchers were turned back at the Berkeley-Oakland line, they would try again the next day. If again they were denied entrance, they would sit peacefully in the street (under the beneficent eye of the Berkeley police, the "good cops").

The VDC's best allies, as it turned out, were the Oakland authorities who pulled what the Selma veterans called "the classic Jim Clarke mistake" of forcing a confrontation when none was necessary. If the marchers had gone to the Oakland Army Terminal, as they tried, the protest would have been of minor news value, and small drawing power. Instead, every politician in the state saw an opportunity to chalk up a point for patriotism by condemning the protesters. Attorney General Thomas Lynch threatened arrests, Ronald Reagan cried "Treason" and Governor Brown readied the National Guard. Oakland responded by sealing off the city with the Faubusian justification that the demonstrators' presence would cause trouble. In response, marchers flocked to the VDC banner.

Encouraged by the intransigence of the authorities, the VDC began rumbling Friday on the Berkeley campus. Dozens of tables jammed by activists from Far Right, Far Left and center sects attracted crowds. In mid-afternoon, a pep club band marched through the tables drumming up support for the next day's football game. It was the sunniest of California days. The air was clear and from the steps of the Student Union one could see as far as San Francisco, a white mountain 10 miles across the blue bay. Thousands sprawled on a playing field below Sproul Hall to be "taught-in."

By eight o'clock Friday night, the first march was moving off campus down Telegraph Avenue past the coffee houses and the book stores. A record shop advertised on a huge revolving sign, "Bob Dylan. $3.88." No one knew how many marchers there were. The Berkeley police estimated 15,000 because they wanted to show how good a job they could do; the *Oakland Tribune* counted 3,000 to show how little support those bearded-Communist-beatniks had. At Prince Street the marchers turned back, and a few of the "kamikazes" left the demonstration in disgust. But almost everyone understood what had to be done, and they retired for the night in a large green park hard by the Berkeley police station. About midnight, someone lobbed a tear gas canister into the crowd. After a moment of panic, all was quiet. "Now they know what tear gas is," one of the new VDC "moderate" leaders said. "I wish they would all learn how bad it is to be in jail too."

The next afternoon, Saturday, the marchers mingled with the crowds going to the football game; it was difficult to tell who was who. Soon the demonstrators were at the King Street barricades; they saw the rows of police and it was a stunning experience (they had stopped short of that physical confrontation the night before). That was how it was when two "Hells Angels" motorcyclists in the standard sado-masochist leather costume broke (or were allowed) through the Oakland police line and into the marchers. The Berkeley police fought them off, and one policeman got a broken leg. The marchers sat down on the street and sang "We shall overcome."

"It's beautiful," one of the leaders said. "The movement has really come of age." After the customary teaching-in, everyone dispersed. There would be meetings later in the week to plan the next confrontation with Oakland. For Oakland is a good symbol of intolerance: a big, ugly, unsophisticated city with a bitter Negro population and a brutal police force. At its center is former Senator William F. Knowland, owner of the *Tribune*, chairman of the Goldwater campaign last year, and the power structure incarnate. Oakland is also the largest shipping stage for military supplies to Southeast Asia. And it is closed to all anti-war dissenters.

Whether the VDC marchers will open it up is problematic. They have driven the city and state officials so far that it might be politically impossible for them to back down. It will depend too, on how many middle-class "bodies" the VDC can turn out next time.

"We won't end the war," one of the students said as he marched along Grove Street Saturday afternoon. "Bobby Kennedy, or someone like that, will have to end it. But we've got to do something."

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Who's Afraid of Those New Negro Voters?

Clinton, Louisiana

Things haven't changed much yet in East Feliciana Parish, where a federal examiner has raised the Negro percentage of voters from six to 42 percent by registering 1,978 Negroes since passage of the Voting Rights Act. Business, as usual, is slow at the whitewashed, thick-columned courthouse – built by slaves before the Civil War – that dominates the sleepy square 34 miles north of Baton Rouge. A few Negroes sit on a bench outside a general store, and across the way, in front of the hardware store, an old white man in overalls watches unperturbed as a sheriff's deputy brandishes a brown baseball bat over the head of a Negro and drags him into a police car.

A few minutes later, Sheriff Arch V. Doughty returns from seeing the Negro deposited in the jailhouse, and tells a visitor: "He was just an old winehead who had too much to drink and was staggering around the street. We don't allow blacks or whites to stagger around our streets or sit around with their clothes all open and talking loud and nasty, with ladies going by."

Besides, the sheriff says, the man was resisting arrest and is known as a troublemaker from outside the parish. As the burly Doughty sits at his desk and talks, his seven-year-old son wanders over to the wall, takes down a long homemade blackjack and hefts it in his hand, just to feel the weight.

Sheriff Doughty is serving his tenth year as an elected official of East Feliciana Parish, and he says he has no intention of making special overtures to Negroes now. "I've always been fair with them in all my dealings," he says. During civil rights demonstrations two years ago "no blood was spilled and they were arrested and locked up orderly, to let the courts decide. There was no police brutality." (A local CORE worker, Henry Brown, says he has no complaints about treatment from Doughty.)

Up on the second floor of the near-empty courthouse, District Judge R. Rarick, an Indiana-born segregationist, says he will "ignore the Nigra vote" in his reelection bid next year. Rarick's constituency also includes neighboring West Feliciana Parish, where registration stands at 682 whites, 716 Negroes, with no federal registrar, only the threat of one. Rarick brushes the statistics aside. "They're just like children," he says of the new Negro registrants. "They get something to show up the white people and they play with it awhile and then they get tired of it." The real threat, he says, is not the Negro voter himself, but white liberals "who will buy the Nigra vote just like they've always done."

District Attorney Richard Kilbourne, who also must run in both parishes next time, is less willing to discuss the potential Negro vote, but he plans no new pitch either. "When a Nigra came into my office I never asked him if he was a registered voter and I won't ask him now."

In East Feliciana, CORE workers say, Negroes are not yet strong enough to run candidates or even to give visible backing to whites without hurting them. But when the climate permits, they hope to beat incumbent white segregationists – Rarick seems to head the target list – by bringing about a coalition of Negroes and white moderates.

The experience of the Felicianas – refusal by white incumbents to make the slightest gesture toward the onrushing tide of Negro registration – is repeated in East Carroll Parish, the northeasternmost delta county bordered by the Arkansas and Mississippi state lines, where Negroes now have a registration edge of about 300 over whites among some 5,000 registrants.

Since the federal law was passed, local registrars have enrolled 36,219 Negroes and 7,065 whites around the state, and federal registrars have enrolled – outside Plaquemine Parish – 9,704 Negroes and 41 whites. Speaker Vail M. Delony of the Louisiana House of Representatives, a grizzly, gangling man of 64 who wants one more term in Baton Rouge, says of the Negro registration: "Yes, it's gonna hurt us. But I have a pretty good relationship with these niggers. They respect me. But I've got a white skin and I'm gonna keep a white skin. I won't stoop to entice the niggers. They either vote for me or they don't. And I'm not gonna try to buy them, either. If all the whites stick together, and we get by this first go-round, we'll be all right. We'll be reasonable with the niggers and I just hope they'll realize we're their friends. But we're not going to force them. Most niggers here are not bad people, and we're not either. We're just a country town and we want to be left alone."

Leander Perez, the boss of Plaquemine Parish, exclaims, "For God's sake, we can't let these Congolese take over," and recounts with satisfaction how he turned the tables on the federal registrar who came into his fiefdom. The federal man wound up registering 1,367 whites along with 1,202 Negroes before Hurricane Betsy closed down his office. Perez rounded up about 800 whites previously rejected and they qualified as functional illiterates under the new federal law. In a parish in which voting-age whites outnumber Negroes by three to one, Perez' counter-strategy is an assured success. But he is worried about more than just his own parish. "What we wanted to do," he says, "was set an example of courage and resourcefulness to the people of Louisiana and the entire South to meet the Communistic challenge."

JULES WITCOVER

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The Klan Clams Up

Washington, D. C.

The House Committee on Un-American Activities plans to consume 13 weeks on its public trial of the Ku Klux Klan and could conceivably display some power to shock and inform before its course has run. But the investigation has begun true to the habits the Committee has acquired over 20 years now, with a little less of the spiteful but not much less of the comic and the irrelevant than we have grown used to.

The legislative purpose of these hearings so far seems to be to make sure that, even if the ordinary Klansman can get away with murder, his Imperial Wizard is not going to get away with commercial fraud. Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, spent an afternoon and a morning as the first defendant on trial; and when he departed, stooped and sullen under the burden and armor of the Fifth Amendment, he had refused to answer roughly 150 questions, perhaps two containing imputations about the crime of violence and all the rest imputations about the misdemeanors or less of pilferage, forgery, malingering as a soldier and buying his groceries from the Klan's petty cash fund. And, when he had gone, the Committee turned its terrible swift sword upon James R. Jones, Grand Dragon of North Carolina, and began asking him about the management of a bank account.

Shelton had been tried for failure to meet the standard of ethics expected in a small business man; the Committee's approach to Jones suggested that now each of the Wizard's Dragons would successively be tested by the same standards. When its great confrontation with the head of the Invisible Empire had ended, the Committee had broken bold new ground and established a whole new set of practices henceforth to be described as Un-American Activities:

1) Failing to report one's full income to the Internal Revenue Service.

2) Buying the family car with company funds.

3) Getting a free room from a hotel in return for awarding it the contract to house your company's annual banquet and board of directors meeting.

4) Collecting a $4,000 annual salary from a public contractor for no visible service except your status as a friend of the governor's.

Matters began, as they always seem to with the Un-American Activities Committee, with the chairman invisible behind the backs of cameramen and the accused holding court under the television lights in the back of the Caucus Room until the cameramen gave up and sat down. Chairman Willis, a Louisiana Democrat, could read courteously and almost sincerely the appointed litany about this being an inquiry and not a prosecution, and call Donald Appell, the Committee's chief investigator, to set the scene with a summary of the Klan's history and a description of its current organizational structure. The Committee always deals with menaces too terrible for anyone's attention to be distracted by being given concrete membership figures; and, although the United Klans of America seems the major growth stock in the market, Appell offered no estimates of its size.

Robert Shelton, he said, the UKA's Imperial Wizard, and the *genii* attending him, include the Klockard, or Director of Education, and the Kludd or Chaplain. And then the investigators began showing slides blown up on a great screen listing every klavern known to exist: among them, the Paul Revere Historical Society of Jacksonville, Fla.; the Bunn Saddle Club of Bunn, N.C.; the Craven County Improvement Association of New Bern, N.C.; the Central Carolina Ladies Club; and the South Pike Marksmanship Society of McComb, Miss.

We had gone so far into comedy that it was barely possible to remember that these recreations occasionally end in the murder of strangers, and the hearing room was giving way to the light laughter which a stage manager can only achieve by establishing the proper distance from reality.

But Robert Shelton seemed unexpectedly in disarray; the Committee, after all, had only gone through its accustomed practice of compiling a list without ever explaining just what it is that the people do who are represented on the list. But the Klan, after all, is even more prone than the Un-American Activities Committee is to accept any list as evidence just because it is a list. So then and there there may have fallen upon Shelton the conviction that he had been trapped beyond hope of escape with the production of a document of small significance to any detached observer, but overpoweringly persuasive, just because it has been typed, to persons of the mental cast Shelton shares with the ordinary member of the House Committee.

Whatever the reason, having told the Committee's investigators that he would answer all questions willingly and no doubt with patriotic effusion, he returned from lunch only to recite, in answer to all inquiries: "Mr. Chairman, I respectfully" (with variants of "respectively") "decline to answer that question for the reason that I honestly feel that this information might tend to incriminate me in violation of my rights as guaranteed to me under Amendments Five (at which the voice dropped), One (at which the voice swelled), Four (at which the voice roared) and Fourteen (at which the voice fell) to the Constitution of the United States

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of America" (at the last four words of which the voice roared again).

All that was substantial in the afternoon involved the Imperial Wizard's management of the checking account he had established with the National Bank of Tuscaloosa, Miss., in the name of the Alabama Rescue Fund and into which he deposited all but $450 of the $18,487 he had received in tithes from all the subjects of the invisible empire. The account, in deference to corporate propriety, had been set up for withdrawals to be authorized only upon the signatures of the Alabama Rescue Fund's president, who is Robert Shelton, and of its treasurer, who was first identified as a T. M. Montgomery and later as a James J. Hendrix.

It was the contention of the Committee's investigators that T. M. Montgomery and James J. Hendrix were non-persons invented for the convenience of president Shelton, and that the specimen signature of T. M. Montgomery had been written by Carol Long, Shelton's secretary, who had thereafter signed it to all checks, until the fiction of a T. M. Montgomery was abandoned and the fiction of James J. Hendrix substituted, at which point Mrs. Robert Shelton took over the task of writing "his" signature as treasurer on all account withdrawals.

The suspicion of night-riding, horsewhipping and retributive assassination had come down to fooling a bank. Mrs. Long was called to be asked if she was T. M. Montgomery. She availed herself of the amendment which shields Communists, and the amendment which crushed the South.

Mrs. Shelton was called to be asked if she was James J. Hendrix. At this point, Lester Chalmers, counsel for the Wizard and his *genii*, arose to say that he hoped the chairman had not overlooked Rule 12 of the code of procedure of the Un-American Activities Committee.

Chairman Willis courteously offered to read Rule 12 aloud. It follows:

"The confidential relationship between husband and wife shall be respected and, for reasons of public policy, one spouse shall not be questioned concerning the activities of the other, *except when the majority of the Committee or Subcommittee shall determine otherwise.*" Having reminded us that we were in a court which fully appreciated both the public's pieties and an investigator's necessities, the chairman then ordered Mrs. Shelton sworn. She repeated her husband's formula for declining to answer, and then they sat down, his arm around her shoulder, to watch in connubial fascination while Philip L. Schmitz, the Committee's handwriting expert, sat down to show blown-up slides of the specimen signatures of Mrs. Long and Mrs. Shelton next to those of "Montgomery" and "Hendrix" and to offer various arcane observations on slanted "T-bars" and looped "l's" and prove, especially to his own satisfaction, each forgery and each forgeress.

Shelton had recovered enough of his dignity the next morning to appear wearing a button emblazoned "Never." "Never," he explained in one of his rare concessions to the importunities of the journalists, "to LBJ and his centralized bureaucracy and never to Martin Luther King and his Communist conspiracy." "And never answer a question?", a visitor asked. "No comment," Shelton answered; the Committee infects and makes baiters of us all.

But the day would grind him down again in its petty degrading course. Had the Imperial Wizard bought his Grand Prix Pontiac in December 1962 and financed it through the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, registering it as his own and paying for it with Klan funds, exchanging it at the end for a second-hand Cadillac? Had the Imperial Wizard spent $5,600 in Klan funds last year for his personal living expenses? Had the Imperial Wizard a piece of an insurance company organized to sell policies to Klansmen? Had Shelton asked the Army for a hardship discharge to help his mother run her grocery store and, immediately after getting it, taken a job instead in the Goodyear factory in Tuscaloosa?

("That," Appell began, from the habit of the years, "was at a time when a lot of our boys were in Korea . . .", and the chairman at once told him to desist and go on to another question.)

Had the Imperial Wizard persuaded the Federal Communications Commission to give him a radio transmitting license on the stipulation that he was "conducting emergency rescue activities"? Had Robert Shelton collected $4,000 a year from a contractor interested in building public roads in Alabama for no other effort than just being known as a friend of its governor? Had the Imperial Wizard, when he was a mere Dragon, been removed from office by the reigning Imperial Wizard for failing to send along the dues he had collected? And had Robert Shelton failed to report some of his income to the Internal Revenue Service?

Shelton's answer in all cases was a refusal to answer under the guarantees of the Fifth, First, Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments.

The Un-American Activities Committee had begun its pilgrimage last winter with the hoarse call from Lyndon Johnson for justice against terrorists, and it had come all this way to focus where its small nature guides it – to the punishment of petty larceny. It had treated Robert Shelton more decently than it does the average of its witnesses, although not quite so decently as any private citizen, however dreadful, ought to deserve.

Its investigators had, to be sure, suggested that the charges brought by a former Imperial Wizard of the Klan against the current Imperial Wizard of the Klan are evidence for the judgment of serious men. But the Committee's manner was otherwise correct; there was

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even some *politesse* at the end, and Congressman Ichord of Missouri congratulated Shelton's lawyer for having conducted himself with a decorum which certainly was not to be found in the lawyers for Communist witnesses.

There is an argument that some Committee of Congress might properly concern itself with a condition where, in great areas of the country, custom is enforced by a private army and in some areas the law is enforced by policemen with an allegiance to that army. But there can be no argument that Congress can properly summon a small business man and pillory him for his accounting methods, or read aloud his tax returns as provided by the Internal Revenue Service or his military history as provided by the Department of Defense. As somebody said, in the mean and trivial business of the opening evidence against the Imperial Wizard, we had come a long way from the subject of horsewhipping people. Still, one looked at Robert Shelton and reflected on his day, and it seemed there, in his case, we hadn't come far away enough from horsewhipping.

Murray Kempton

Spiritless Alliance

Robert B. Goldmann on Latin America

The foreign ministers of 19 Latin American countries and the United States are due in Rio de Janeiro on November 17 for a conference, postponed since 1959, to review the structure of the Organization of American States. It couldn't be held earlier; one crisis or another intervened. Last spring, however, Washington's interest in a meeting revived. The US had squeezed out an OAS majority for an *ad hoc* Inter-American Force to confer the mantle of legitimacy on the US military presence in Santo Domingo. The Administration thought it saw a chance to set up a permanent OAS peace force for use at any time. But that was last spring; now it seems the votes just aren't there. The most that may come out of Rio is an agreement that the foreign ministers will meet annually, and that the inter-American Peace Committee will try to mediate any dispute in the hemisphere. But even before that limited agreement is reached, there may be an uproar in Rio about the September 20 resolution of the House of Representatives, which endorsed unilateral military intervention in any Latin American country threatened by Communist-inspired "subversion." And the meeting may even be put off once more, if the Dominican Republic situation worsens again.

The central purpose of the Rio meeting ought to be the re-establishment of an atmosphere of confidence and solidarity – one that would permit the US or another American State to get a quick unanimous vote for inter-American action when it has a good case, as the US had in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. "If you want to grasp and describe any living thing," Goethe wrote in *Faust*, "then first you must get rid of the spirit therein; then you hold all the parts in your hand; alas, what's missing is the spiritual bond." That spiritual bond is broken every time the US rushes off on its own to put out some fire somewhere else in the hemisphere. In April, 1961, shortly after President Kennedy's inauguration, it was the Bay of Pigs. About four years later, the Johnson Administration shot the Marines into Santo Domingo. Kennedy recovered rather quickly from his unhappy landing, when he acknowledged it was a mistake and assumed full responsibility for it. He also had the Alliance for Progress to fall back on. He had offered this program for the political, economic and social modernization of the Latin American countries a month before the Bay of Pigs fiasco, and the Alliance Charter was signed by all the 20 OAS countries four months later.

The Johnson Administration will recover slowly from Santo Domingo. For one thing, it does not think it made a mistake, and has defended the intervention endlessly and sometimes angrily. The other, perhaps more serious impediment to recovery is that the Administration has nothing new or creative to fall back on.

Much that is happening to the South of us is beyond the range of direct US management; that first must be understood. But a clear and consistent policy can influence events. It is such a policy that is missing. We send the Marines; then we feel the shock waves from the rest of Latin America; then we remember the Al-

Robert Goldmann, *now a senior editor of* Visión *magazine, was assistant to Teodoro Moscoso, the former Administrator of the Alliance for Progress.*

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liance, and the President delivers an address (August 17) which equals the best of Kennedy's. Then in September the House of Representatives takes it all back and sanctions intervention. Meanwhile New Frontiersman Jack H. Vaughn, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, is off on a goodwill trip to "put love back into the Alliance." He is hardly home when Thomas C. Mann, who as Under Secretary for Economic Affairs is supposed to be out of Latin American Affairs but isn't, makes a major speech subordinating concern for the Alliance to the need to combat "subversion." Under Vaughn, dedicated men are trying to pump life into the Alliance; alongside them a Mann team lets it leak away.

Kennedy's reformist style caught on throughout the hemisphere. A dialogue ensued between ourselves and young and coming men of Latin America, which has since broken down. The "bond" has dissolved. Speaking this month in San Diego at the meeting at which Mann strongly defended the American intervention in Santo Domingo, retired Ambassador Ellis O. Briggs said: "Certainly *alianza para el progreso* has shown increased vitality since some of the do-gooders and unzippered reformers and bureaucratic empire-builders appear to have been succeeded by more modest and realistic workers. . . ." Unfortunately, it has not. At about the same time, former President Alberto Lleras of Colombia, perhaps Latin America's most respected liberal, had this to say: "From a formidable program designed to wrest a huge and rich part of the world out of backwardness, the Alliance has been converted into a series of scattered projects. . . . The Alliance is going through a serious crisis."

The difference between then and now does not lie in amounts of aid committed or disbursed, houses built, or numbers of people fed. These and many other indices of physical accomplishment have steadily improved in the past two years. Nor is there a shortage of trained and Spanish-speaking specialists in the Johnson Administration. In fact, there may be more competence now in special areas of operation than in Kennedy days. But what of "the spirit therein"?

One of the things Washington has done is to become over-identified with Brazil, whose economic czar, Roberto Campos, is bringing inflation under control. But he is doing it at the price of considerable political and intellectual repression. Brazil's President Castelo Branco has to spend much of his energy restraining his military colleagues from riding roughshod over everybody. In Chile, in contrast, the Frei government is also checking an inflationary spiral, but doing it with the support of the vast majority of the people, and without sacrificing political freedom. The US has been giving the Frei government ample financial and technical assistance. But the impression has been allowed to grow that we resent some of President Frei's external policies; we appreciate, on the other hand, the all-out support Brazil has given us in everything we have done, including the Santo Domingo intervention. There is even talk of a Washington-Rio axis. The almost total rout of the government in the gubernatorial elections in Brazil, a rout that may lead Castelo Branco to postpone or change the rules for next year's Presidential ballotings, does not seem to faze us much. Nor, I suspect, is there full appreciation in the top echelons of the State Department of what Hugh O'Shaughnessy reported in a recent issue of *Encounter:* "Christian Democracy [of which Frei's Chile is today the prime exponent in Latin America] can claim to be a movement for reform . . . that has come to maturity *within* Latin America, an import from neither Russia, China nor the United States."

I'm not suggesting that we stint aid to Brazil and shower money on Chile. Both need and deserve substantial material assistance. But I ask whether we are distinguishing the negative and counter-productive policy of forcefully holding down "left-wing elements," and a policy that gives positive encouragement to effective reformist alternatives to Communism; whether we are giving proper weight to the value of tomorrow's vote in the OAS or the United Nations, and next year's election in country X, where the Christian Democrats may be the last chance of democratic progress.

The US record of the past two years is decidedly mixed. On the hopeful side, the aid mechanism is better oiled than in 1963; money is flowing more amply and more smoothly. (Total US commitments were up from $971 million in 1963 to $1,229 million in the 12 months ending June of this year, and disbursements are climbing along with the stepped-up pace of loan and grant agreements.) Other aiding nations and international agencies are also increasing their assistance to Latin America, under prodding of both the Johnson Administration and World Bank President George Woods. In trade, Latin America's chief source of foreign exchange and development capital, there is slow but noticeable progress. Cajoled by Argentina's Raul Prebisch and the UN Conference on Trade and Development which he launched last year, US officials are beginning to consider extending trade concessions to undeveloped countries – either all 77 of them, or Latin America on a regional basis.

Brazil, as noted, is getting back on the track to economic expansion, and Chile's reform-minded government seems to have the qualities for success. Peru is doing reasonably well, Argentina may finally digest the Peronist lump. Central America is moving toward integrating its economies into a Common Market. Mexico is past the takeoff point toward self-sustaining growth. The Panama Canal dispute may be on the way to settlement.

On the discouraging side, in Colombia there is a

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real possibility of a breakdown of constitutional order and of an upsurge of Castroite guerrilla activity. Ecuador is static; Uruguay is in an endemic state of political immobilism and financial chaos. Venezuela is going forward somewhat less rapidly and spectacularly under the leadership of dry, quiet President Raul Leoni, than it had under Romulo Betancourt. Bolivia is always on the edge of violence. Paraguay stays calm but stagnant in the gradually softening grip of Gen. Alfredo Stroessner. In Haiti, things could hardly be worse.

The Johnson Administration continues to use aid to pry settlements out of governments which have cancelled or abrogated contracts or concessions to US oil companies. While any connection between aid and oil is denied at the State Department, it's an open secret that Peru and Argentina have been kept waiting for loans from the Agency for International Development pending settlements with US companies. Peru's AID loan total was $2 million for the last fiscal year – a negligible amount for a country of 11 million people in the midst of a promising development program. Argentina got no AID loans at all. Neither country has settled its disputes with US firms, although Argentina is close to an arrangement. A case could be made that in a highly nationalistic climate, the withholding technique stiffens a government's resistance to a settlement. At at any rate, development isn't helped a bit.

Latin America's debt burden is rising to the point where this year 60 percent of the total foreign resources needed for minimum growth and investment targets is being used to repay old debts. Three-quarters of the debt load falls on three of the most important countries – Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. There is much talk of longer terms, lower interest rates, and re-structuring the whole repayment schedule, but so far it is only talk.

In contrast to the Central American Common Market, which involves five small countries with a mere 13 million people, the Latin American Free Trade area (LAFTA), covering nine countries with some 185 million people, crawls at a snail's pace. Efforts are underway to transform LAFTA into something more like a Common Market, where tariff cuts are made across the board and a supranational commission has some real powers. But this plan too has a long way to go.

The biggest drawback of all is that the Alliance has become the almost exclusive domain of economists and technicians, while the politicians carry on hard-nosed and shortsighted diplomacy, including even armed intervention. The result is that the Alliance is losing the people. To get them back, it needs to become once again the political program which it was at the outset. This means that whatever we do or contemplate doing in Latin America – whether it is in Santo Domingo, Panama, Brazil or anywhere else – ought to be considered from the point of view of what it does to or for the Alliance. This program will never succeed as just a fund for buying off revolution; it can come alive only as a means of promoting the right kind of revolution. And the people – even the many who can't read or write – can tell the difference.

Running Wild

California's Political Rat Race

by Andrew Kopkind

"California politics is a can of worms."
—Richard M. Nixon

Los Angeles

A year from now a governor will be elected in California. Statute and custom assure just that much, for everything else about the political process is unpredictable. In fact, politics in California is not a process at all but a war of national liberation. Campaigns are not contested, they are waged – along a thousand-mile front in treacherous terrains with unreliable troops, intriguing generals, and the constant threat of foreign intervention. Victory is impossible; power is measured in mere survival.

Seven hours after he was elected governor for a second term in 1962, Edmund G. Brown was urged by

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his supporters to announce his candidacy for a third term in 1966. But Pat Brown was properly modest; he waited for several days to make clear his intention to run again.

Undeterred, the snipers began firing. Party is usually irrelevant in California politics, and the biggest barrages came from Brown's fellow-Democrats. The chief opponent was Jesse M. Unruh, a State Assemblyman from Los Angeles and speaker of the lower house. Unruh had been the Kennedy man in California during the early sixties. He was an immensely successful middleman from the start. He deals in raw power like others trade in grain, by knowing where to find what others want. Power is his only commodity. He has no jobs, contracts, or appointments to dispense. There is less patronage in the whole state than in many small towns in, say, Pennsylvania, and politicians have to rely on a kind of soul-force to attract a following.

Legislative Lumps

Unruh was unable to build a conventional political machine (he has, at most, about 500 loyal workers in his Assembly District who will come out at his call), but he could organize the legislature as an independent power bloc. Although both houses are heavily Democratic, Brown's administration must take its legislative lumps as much as (perhaps more than) Republicans would. For every Brown proposal, Unruh has counter (and often more progressive) ideas. He calls it "creative legislation," but it is politics, too. Earlier this month, when Brown called a special legislative session to pass a state enabling act for the federal Medicare participation, Unruh introduced his own program, called "Cal-Med," for statewide health insurance for the entire population.

For some reason, Unruh has never been able to break out of the narrow confines of top-level infighting to develop a base of popular support. Drastic measures have not availed: he lost 60 pounds in an effort to change from "Big Daddy" to the leaner, more vigorous California ideal, but he is stuck with the image of a machine pol. Now he looks like a jowly, slightly sick beagle.

Unruh has considered running for every available statewide office, and some unavailable ones, too. The polls show him at the bottom of all lists. As the next best thing, he supports substitutes: he grabbed onto Pierre Salinger last year and promoted his candidacy for the Senate nomination against Brown's favorite, Comptroller Alan Cranston. Unruh has his friends on state and county Democratic committees, and he has his own grouping of party workers, the Democratic Volunteers, against the Brown-oriented California Democratic Council (CDC).

It would be easy for Brown if Unruh were his only Democratic opponent, but that would be un-Californian. A hundred flowers are in bloom, a hundred parties are contending. The Governor's biggest headache is now the California Democratic Council, which has never limited itself to the boring problems of California. Brown naturally wants the CDC to get out the vote every election day, and leave policy-making to the politicians, but it is not to be that way. The new president of the CDC is Simon Casady, a very independent editor of a small weekly newspaper near San Diego, who had never sought the heights of political power until Alan Cranston (with Brown's encouragement) convinced him to seek the Council presidency a few months ago. Casady, like many liberal Democrats, strongly opposes the war in Vietnam, and in speeches to CDC clubs throughout the state he said as much. A few weeks ago he told a meeting of club members that he had considerable sympathy for the students who were tearing up draft cards and teaching-in to oppose Vietnam policy.

The response came quickly from the Party leaders. Brown called for Casady's resignation, and failing that, his impeachment as CDC president. Cranston attacked Casady, and there were the usual charges of "kooks" and "kamikazes" infiltrating the Democratic Party. Brown sent Casady to Washington for a State Department briefing on the war, and Casady came back unconvinced. He remarked, not unreasonably, that he had said nothing new – that he was merely elaborating on ideas he had been writing for years in his newspaper, which were all available to Brown months ago. (Indeed, Brown's office had arranged for a brochure of Casady editorials to be printed in support of his CDC presidency campaign.)

But Vietnam is too hot an issue for Brown to handle. His advisers reckon that about one-third of California Democrats strongly oppose the war, and that is not enough to build on for an election campaign. The student protests at Berkeley and other campuses in the state work against Brown, just as the Watts riots lost votes for him last summer. "No one blames Pat specifically for Watts," a friend of his said, "they just blame him generally."

Casady faces impeachment proceedings by the CDC directors next month, and it is a fair bet that by one means or another, he will be out of office by the time the campaign goes into high. He will have support from the rank-and-file of the volunteer clubs, however, and it is they who work in the precincts. Unruh tends to downgrade their effectiveness, but in the absence of a professional staff directing a loyal machine, candidates have to take whatever workers they can find. Volunteer politics – and California has very little else – is particularly vulnerable to ideological bloodletting. The corpses are still rotting in the streets from the primary battles of two decades ago, when liberal Democrats

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were firmly in control of the Party. They nominated their own candidates (Helen Gahagan Douglas and James Roosevelt, for instance), for statewide office. They invariably lost the general elections.

Their predicament is mirrored today by the Republicans, whose instinct for self-destruction was undiluted by the Goldwater experience last year. California gave Goldwater his only serious primary victory, and made him the unbeatable first-ballot nominee at the national convention. California then went to Johnson by more than a million votes.

Rational men might have learned that the way to electoral victory lies in moving towards a center position, when the extremes are too shallow to carry the day at the polls. California Republicans employ no such reason. They are about to nominate Ronald Reagan for governor (the primary is June 7), and there is very little that anyone can do about it.

Practically any other Republican (with the possible exception of Richard Nixon) could have beaten Brown in the election. Reagan is the Democrats' last best hope to stay in power in Sacramento. His candidacy is entirely the work of the right wing of the Republican Party – not always the far-right, but more Goldwatery than the electorate is.

Instead of relinquishing control after the defeat last November, the rightists consolidated their hold on the Party institutions. The California Republican Assembly, one of the major volunteer blocs, is in the hands of the extreme right. The Young Republicans are somewhere in the vicinity of the John Birch Society, and the smaller groups are of the same persuasion. There is one small organization, the California Republican League, which is well-meaning, but has so far been unsuccessful in building a strong lobby for the moderates. At the center are the Republican Associates, a heavily-moneyed catch-all, which is not extreme but has a large majority of Goldwater types in charge.

Last summer, Senator Thomas Kuchel traveled around the state in hopes of finding enough moderate support to win a primary for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. He had few doubts about winning the general election; neither, indeed, did Brown. If Kuchel had won the nomination, Brown might have dropped out of the race. But Kuchel finally decided that he could not submit himself and his family to the terrors of a California primary fight – which he had no assurance of winning. In his own party, Kuchel is a boo-word. He brings blood to the eyes of the birchers (in California people speak of them in the lower case); heresy is always a worse crime than nonbelief. Even less ideological Republicans are annoyed that Kuchel spends no time in state politics, and has made no attempt to raise a political banner to which moderates and center-conservatives can repair.

Kuchel has a secure position in the Senate as minority whip. His work is easy and satisfying, and he has a fine national reputation. He will have troubles enough with the Republican primary for Senate renomination in 1968 without incurring the inevitable scars of a fight this year. In any case, he opted out, and left most of the field to Reagan. The only possible opponents are George Christopher, a former mayor of San Francisco, who has trouble getting support and votes in populous Southern California, and former Republican Governor Goodwin K. Knight, who has trouble doing most everything. Not that Goody Knight was a bad governor; but ever since he was denied renomination in 1958 by Senator William F. Knowland, Knight has had no luck in politics. (Where else does a party dump its successful incumbent, for a candidate born to lose? Knight probably would have beaten Brown in 1958; Knowland had no chance.)

There has been a flurry of support in the last few weeks for a young Republican Assemblyman from the San Joaquin Valley, named Robert Monagan. He has the backing of a group of half-a-dozen moderate Republicans in the legislature, who treat the whole thing as a kind of student council election at a state college. They are earnest and intelligent, but they have a limited grasp of the brutalities of politics, and unless Monagan catches fire in some miraculous way, they are not likely to propel him much beyond his present position.

The Star, More or Less

The idea of Ronald Reagan as governor of the most populous state in the Union might be preposterous to non-Californians, but it has a certain rightness here. Volunteer politics promotes a great deal of suspicion about politicians, who are obviously manipulative, probably crooked, and altogether the wrong kind of people for public office. Reagan has no such handicap. The star, more or less, of 40 or 50 Hollywood movies, he has dabbled in politics for 25 years without becoming anything like a politician. In the forties he organized the Screen Actors Guild; and the Labor League of Hollywood Voters, which supported Harry Truman. He made radio spots for Helen Gahagan Douglas when she ran for the Senate against Richard Nixon. He then went into a financial slump, found a new, archly conservative wife (his first wife was Jane Wyman), and attained success again as a pitchman for the General Electric Corporation. G.E. sent Reagan around the country to speak to civic luncheons and businessmen's clubs, extolling the virtues of electrical progress and political reaction.

In the course of his travels he developed "the speech," a compendium of conservative ideas which became the Reagan platform. It was mainly about big government, economic control, and the Communist conspiracy; it opposed federal aid to education, Medi-

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care, farm subsidies, taxes, and the National Debt. It quoted from Lenin, *Pravda*, and *The New Leader*.

Upon that rock, Reagan campaigned for Barry Goldwater. He gave a slightly altered version of "the speech" on national television a week before the last election, and although it probably won few votes for his candidate, it catapulted Reagan into the prominence which had so long eluded him as the star of *Death Valley Days* on television.

Casting around for a suitable candidate who would carry on the Goldwater tradition and save right-wing souls, California Republicans hooked Reagan, put him in the hands of the public relations and "political management" firm of Spencer and Roberts, and sat back to see who would salute. Tributes were not long in coming: "The Friends of Ronald Reagan" was set up (by Spencer and Roberts) with an impressive list of supporters on the letterhead: Walt Disney and James Cagney signed up quickly. There was ample representation from the Goldwater camp: Henry Salvatori, Goldwater's Los Angeles finance man, was included, as was Walter Knott, of Knott's Berry Farm, a large contributor to the far right.

Not a Line to Patrick Henry

Bill Roberts of Spencer and Roberts was not to be blinded by right-wing ideology. He had managed Nelson Rockefeller's campaign for the Republican nomination last year, and he had assimilated all the right ideas about consensus politics. A few months ago, Spencer and Roberts were quoted as saying about Reagan, "We are going to try to shift that [Goldwater] image. In fact, we've got to if we're going to win." There would be a "new speech" to attract all Republicans and many Democrats (California still has 2-to-1 Democratic registration). "People are going to be surprised when they see the list of liberals and moderates who come out for Reagan," the PR men said.

There are no surprises yet. After two months in Spencer and Robert's intensive political care ward, Reagan has come out an old man. In a speech this month to 500 fleet officers' wives on Terminal Island in Los Angeles, he had the old Goldwater fire: "You can't be a little bit Socialist, a little bit free!" he told the women. He was against a "mixed economy," against reapportionment of state legislatures and declared that "our God-given rights cannot be submitted to a vote." America was in the process of transformation from "a Republic to the mobocracy of majority rule," and it was probably the fault of school textbooks: "Entire chapters are devoted to public welfare and not a single line to Patrick Henry." Not only that, but the Supreme Court decision outlawing prayer in public schools was positively the last straw, and only a little worse than urban renewal, which "cancels out laws of eminent domain." "Government can force the sale of our homes and sell them to other individuals," he warned darkly, and it was no secret to whom he was referring. "Other individuals" are those very people who have no right to equal housing because California voters approved Proposition 14 last year, nullifying fair-housing laws. "Other individuals" are all those people in Watts, too. The officers' wives gave Reagan a standing ovation. Afterwards, one of them came up to the head table and confided to Reagan, "I'm getting tired of poor people."

Bill Roberts is apparently not very happy about the Reagan image. He has assigned an agent to be with Reagan at all times, but unless the secret agent has a revolver in his pocket and a license to kill, there is nothing that can be done. At Coalinga, in the Central Valley, Reagan proposed that the US declare war on Vietnam (North or South? He didn't say) in order to activate treason and sedition laws against student protesters.

Reagan is an amiable, enthusiastic campaigner. He smiles a great deal, and puts his arm tenderly around the plump, blue-haired women who flock to his side wherever he goes. He uses a great many statistics ("the housing goal in Russia is 64 square feet of space for every individual; the minimum prison cell in America is 80 square feet") of questionable relevance, or even accuracy, but it all seems to make a big impression. Following the pattern of right-wing philosophizing, he proves his points by quoting 18th-Century Americans, 19th Century Englishmen, and 20th-Century Communists.

The Democratic strategy is to tag Reagan as a dangerous right-winger from the start. The mistake they made in the senatorial election last year, the Democrats think, was to let George Murphy off easily at the beginning (because no one took him seriously) and then try to destroy him in six weeks at the end of the campaign. He got as much sympathy as hostility from the late attacks.

Some Democrats, including Unruh, are worried that strong accusations, coupled with Reagan's own ineptness, could knock him out too early in the game. Reagan is Brown's perfect opponent. Like President Johnson, Brown is not loved, but in a sense trusted. "He's the one they sent over from Central Casting for the good guy part," one of his advisers said. He is a good governor not so much because he does good things himself, but because he lets them be done. Perhaps that is the only way to govern California. It is really five states in one, with no community of interests, no mutuality of trust, no tradition in which political action can be rooted.

There is no single way to explain the conditions which produce California's political extremism, but there are several rather obvious factors – if not prime

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causes – to color in the picture. "In our climate," Unruh once said, "fruits and and nuts grow in abundance." The weather probably has a lot to do with it, and it affects who Californians are and what they do for a living and where they come from. California has a large population of what political sociologists call "non-minority wage-earners," that is, the backlash vote. But unlike backlashers in Illinois or New York or Pennsylvania, they have no identification with their European beginnings, nor very much sympathy for labor unions. They came to California to escape the confining pressures of close-knit societies in the East or Middle West or (importantly) the Old South.

There are no traditional standards of behavior in Orange County, for instance, and it's every man for himself. That is too much for most Americans to bear when they come right down to it, and they tend to flock to the nearest action group that expresses their innermost anxieties. It is difficult enough fighting the status race in a community where there are measures for success; in California – particularly Southern California, which is the paradigm case of a community *in extremis* – everyone wakes up in the morning at the starting line again. During the Goldwater campaign last year, an MIT and Caltech graduate, an engineer with Standard Oil of California, explained why he was voting conservative: "I did all this for myself, I got my job and my house and my whole life for myself, and I don't want some guy who never did anything in his life to take it away." The potential interloper can be anyone – the Negro, the Communist, or an unseen recipient of foreign aid.

Byzantine Intrigues

Fortunately for those who have maintained their political mental health, there are not enough like the engineer to elect a governor of California – under normal circumstances. Although the polls show Reagan and Brown fairly close (with Reagan a bit ahead), almost all politicians, Republican as well as Democratic, think that Brown can easily win. What may de-normalize the circumstances is anyone's guess. There are byzantine intrigues underway in every corridor of power. Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, who somehow gained in stature from the Watts riots (he has yet to visit that dreadful place, or make any sympathetic gesture towards the ghetto Negroes) might run in the Democratic primary against Brown. He would probably lose the primary (most of his support is among Republicans; Los Angeles has nonpartisan elections) but could fracture the party. The vaguely pro-Unruh forces on Democratic committees are fighting the vaguely pro-Brown forces (ironically, Brown and Unruh work together fairly well, despite the power struggle; their followers go at it more ferociously), and Unruh loyalists could "take a walk" during the campaign. But the nature of volunteer politics, again, makes that unlikely, and it is more reasonable to expect the campaign to solidify the Democratic factions. They are, after all, not fighting about philosophy, just about power. Even the CDC knows that it can logically get no more liberal administration than Brown's. They might try to press more left-wing policies on him, but they have become too used to the advantages of office to withhold their support from an obvious winner.

There might, however, be a fight for one of the lesser offices on the ticket. Lieutenant Governor Glenn Anderson has the uncomfortable feeling that he is about to be dumped: by whom and for whom, it is impossible to say. "Poor Glenn is like the wife who marries her husband when he's in college, works to support the family while he goes to law school and starts out in practice, and then is of no more use when the husband gets to be a partner of the firm," a cynical Democrat said last week. Brown is the husband; he is said not to have much use for Anderson any more and would rather see another in his place. There is a good chance Brown may never serve out another four years as governor; he probably could have a high federal appointment at any time. Rather than turn the governorship over to Anderson, he would prefer to see Cranston, or Finance Director Hale Champion – or perhaps even Unruh – inherit the earth.

No one can sleep soundly in California until the Goldwater Right is finally laid to rest, and even a Brown victory will not do that. Like strategic bombing, political devastation by the enemy seems merely to stiffen resistance. The Republicans have to take care of their own deep division. A political accident may do it – for instance, a Republican hopeful for Lieutenant Governor, Robert Finch, seems to have carved out a small and still tenuous consensus position that might just beat Glenn Anderson. Then, Finch could conceivably step up to the governorship, and return the Republican moderates to power. But chances of accidents like that are small. Kuchel might have had a try at drowning the Right, but he would not do it. There is no Republican of comparable appeal in the state, and in the absence of a healing figure, the Right continues to salt all the political wounds.

To win, the Republicans need to accept the Brown administration's philosophy, while remaining free to disagree on specific programs and proposals. Brown knows that most Californians want better (and more costly) education, public welfare, social services and the rest; in short, everything that Reagan is against. At last, Reagan isolated his own biggest disadvantage himself last week, after he gave "the speech" to a cheering crowd of Republican businessmen. "You know," Reagan said thoughtfully, "there's a basic difference in philosophy between the Governor and me."

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Sade: Chronicles of a Misanthrope

by C. D. B. Bryan

Since this past spring I have eaten lunch three to four times a week at the two-hundred-year-old carved wooden bar of the Cedar Tavern on University Place in New York without realizing that just on the other side of the brick wall reflected in the crackled mirror was Grove Press. Had I known this I might not have sat at the bar but at a table, ear-to-drinking-glass-to-brick-wall attempting to overhear the carnal carryings on in the only publishing office more liberally and financially committed to sex than Hugh Hefner's. But it wasn't until I telephoned the Grove Press office for review copies of this collection of Sade's writings ("While you're at it, throw in a copy of *Naked Lunch*, would you?") that I made my discovery; and so, naturally, I offered to pick up the books myself. I was told the books would be left for me at the reception desk and I hurried over half expecting the office architecture and decorations to be "Satyrs and Nymphs Gamboling." Instead I found a small reception room entirely screened off by brightly colored panels, and the receptionist was demurely – indeed, plainly-dressed in the worsted equivalent of a plain, brown wrapper. I was therefore prepared for disappointment when I opened Grove's large volume on the Marquis de Sade. But it is not in the least disappointing; it is an excellent collection that provides a comprehensive view of the Marquis, his mind, and his manner.

Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom
and other writings
by the Marquis de Sade
Compiled and translated
by Richard Seaver and
Austyn Wainhouse
(Grove; $15)

During the past two decades more overt attention has been granted Sade than at any time since his incarceration in the Bastille. Gilbert Lely wrote two large volumes, *Vie du Marquis de Sade*, which were published in 1952 and 1957. He also edited with Georges Daumas three volumes of Sade's correspondence (*L'Aigle, Mademoiselle . . .* published in 1949, *Le Carillon de Vincennes* in 1953, *Monsieur le 6* in 1954) and a fourth has been announced. In 1954 Evergreen, the paperback subsidiary of Grove Press, published the excellent "Must We Burn Sade?" essay by Simone de Beauvoir and added selections from his writings (*The Marquis de Sade*, Selections from his Writings, and a Study by Simone de Beauvoir. Evergreen E-6; $1.95). This is one of those collections where the dirty parts are italicized and in French: "We undressed her, handled her and tormented her everywhere; *nous molestâmes sa belle . . .* etc.," which strikes me as a sort of literary dirty-voter registration requirement. This year Lancer published a paperback *Juliette* ("abridged but unexpurgated from the original five-volume work especially for the adult reader"). More recently, *The New York Review of Books* contained a bitchy review of the Grove collection ("The translation reads well, in spite of a number of perhaps misleading archaisms or gallicisms, such as 'luxury' for 'lust' (*luxure*) and 'inconsequent' for 'inconsistent' (*inconséquent*)"). And the September 18 *New Yorker* contained a long, chattily informal article on Sade by Edmund Wilson. It now remains but for Gloria Guiness to proclaim in the pages of *Vogue* that "*Chic* is the woman who has read all of Sade; *chic* is the man who beats her anyway."

The increased interest in the Marquis de Sade is as natural as it was inevitable that Grove Press would become his publisher. Sade's troubling philosophy has goose-stepped through our times; and, face it, a criminal mind such as Sade's is far more fascinating than that of the more commonly biographed. This is not to suggest that more people will read Sade than, say, *Harlow* – Sade, after all, costs $15 – but there is no question that the appeal is similar.

On Easter Sunday, April 3, 1768, the Marquis de Sade offered to rescue from poverty a pretty young widow named Rose Keller by hiring her to "do his room." He spirited her into the country, stripped her, flung her on a bed, tied each of her limbs to a bed post, then to quote the victim's sworn deposition:

> ". . . That being attached to the bed he took a birch with which he whipped her, made various incisions with a small knife or penknife, poured red wax and white wax in a greater quantity on these wounds, after which he began to beat her again, to make incisions and pour wax, all of which ill-treatment he repeated up to seven or eight times."

Sade eventually untied Mrs. Keller, permitted her to cleanse herself (insisting, though, that she wash the blood from the towel she used), gave her some ointment to use on her wounds and permitted her to dress. He then left her locked in the room, but she managed to knot blankets together and escape out the window. Sade was arrested. The Marquis allegedly admitted the principal allegations against him, bought off the widow, and was freed by the King. Four years later Sade and his butler, Latour, escaped arrest for "sodomy and poisoning" upon the complaints of four young prostitutes, and were burnt in effigy. Accompanying Sade and his butler on their flight to Savoy was Sade's sister-in-law, Anne. This so enraged Sade's mother-in-law, who thought it bad enough to have one daughter involved with Sade, that she prevailed upon the King of Sardinia, who was also the Duke of Savoy, to arrest Sade. The Marquis was driven by post chaise and escorted by four cavalrymen to the Fort Miolans prison where he signed a pledge not to

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escape. (Latour voluntarily joined his master behind bars.) Five months later, possibly with the help of his wife, the Marquis de Sade escaped.

One gets the impression of the sort of behavior Sade was capable of without further chronicling the outrages which led the Marquis to be detained in various dungeons, towers, and asylums for over 21 years of his adult life. But there is more to Sade than just a chronicle. In 1781, while imprisoned in the Bastille, he wrote his wife:

> "I am a libertine, but I am neither *a criminal* nor *a murderer* (Sade's italics), and since I am compelled to set my apology next to my vindication, I shall therefore say that it might well be possible that those who condemn me as unjustly as I have been might themselves be unable to offset their infamies by good works as clearly established as those I can contrast to my errors. I am a libertine, but three families residing in your area have for five years lived off my charity, and I have saved them from the farthest depths of poverty. I am a libertine, but at Evry, with your whole family looking on, I saved a child – at the risk of my life – who was on the verge of being crushed beneath the wheels of a runaway horse-drawn cart, by snatching the child from beneath it. I am a libertine, but I have never compromised my wife's health. Nor have I been guilty of the other kinds of libertinage so often fatal to children's fortunes: have I ruined them by gambling or by other expenses that might have deprived them of, or even by one day foreshortened their inheritance? Have I managed my own fortune badly, as long as I had a say in the matter? In a word, did I in my youth herald a heart capable of the atrocities of which I today stand accused? . . . How therefore do you presume that, from so innocent a childhood and youth, I have suddenly arrived at the ultimate premeditated horror? No, you do not believe it. And you who today tyrannize me so cruelly, you do not believe it either: your vengeance has beguiled your mind, you have proceeded blindly to tyrannize, but your heart knows mine, it judges it more fairly, and it knows full well it is innocent."

The Marquis de Sade innocent? Sade was imprisoned because he was a violent tempered, atheistic, dangerous, vicious, perverted misanthrope. And in reading him you cannot help contrast what he writes from prison with what he's in prison for; and if what Sade did was very, very bad, what he wrote was horrid.

For example: "The idea of God is the sole wrong for which I cannot forgive mankind."

Or: "Only man's pride has made a crime of murder."

Or: "No kind of sensation is keener and more active than that of pain; its impressions are unmistakable."

Or: "Is incest more dangerous [than profligacy in wives]? Hardly. It loosens family ties and the citizen has that much more love to lavish on his country; the primary laws of Nature dictate it to us, our feelings vouch for the fact; and nothing is so enjoyable as an object we have coveted over the years."

Or: "Any enjoyment is weakened when shared."

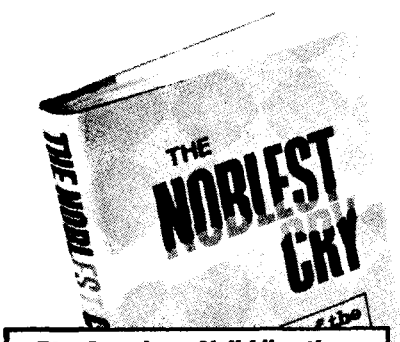
Sade was, as he insisted, a libertine; he was "one who is markedly unrestrained by convention or morality." But "Sadism" could just as easily have come to stand for a philosophy of absolute egoism, of self-sovereignty, of the pursuit of self-gratification. In the second and, I think, more interesting essay on the Marquis de Sade in the volume, Maurice Blanchot paraphrases Sade's philosophy:

> "Each of us must do exactly as he pleases, each of us is bound by one law alone, that of his own pleasure. This morality is based upon the primary fact of absolute solitude. Sade has stated it, and repeated it, in every conceivable form: Nature wills that we be born alone, there is no real contact or relationship possible between one person and another. The only rule of conduct for me to follow therefore is to prefer what affects me pleasurably, and, conversely, to hold as naught anything which as a result of my preferences, may cause harm to others. The greatest pain inflicted on others is of less account than my own pleasure. Little do I care if the price I have to pay for my least delight is the awesome accumulation of atrocious crimes, for pleasure flatters me, it is within, while the effects of crime, being outside me, do not affect me."

Sade wrote:

> "Crime is the soul of lust. What would pleasure be if it were not accompanied by crime? It is not the object of debauchery that excites us, but rather the idea of evil."

The Marquis de Sade repeatedly stresses that it is not the pain of the other person which excites the libertine, but rather the knowledge that he, the libertine, is responsible for it. So, a readily apparent dilemma arises: To be the sovereign man, as Sade would have himself, he must be master over others in order to be master of himself; the Sadean man therefore *depends* upon others – if only to provide himself



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by CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

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with victims. A no less serious dilemma is that the joy a libertine derives from the destruction of his victim is self-destructive, since he must always annihilate that which gives him pleasure. Sade's heroes understandably long for a method by which they might sustain a victim's death eternally, and are urged to satisfy themselves with quantity rather than quality. "That is what makes Sade's world so strange," writes Blanchot. "Scenes of savagery are followed by more scenes of savagery. The repetition is as extraordinary as it is endless. It is not unusual for a libertine to slaughter four or five hundred victims in a single session; then he starts in again the following day, then again that same evening with a new session." And if he does not relish his victim's death, the libertine may always relish his own: Borghese sighs, "Ah, Juliette, if only my transgressions can lead me like the last of the creatures to the fate to which the wild abandon conducts them. The gallows itself would be for me a voluptuous throne, and there would I face death by relishing the pleasure of expiring a victim of my crimes." Again, it is clear that death is not the pleasure; the voluptuousness here is similar to that gained inciting a victim's pain: it is the need to assert domination over the victim. And, again, one has the same dilemma: to prove that one doesn't need the victim, one first needs the victim.

There are two refinements to this philosophy which bear mentioning. First, the amount of evil which the libertine is capable of is not the measure of his happiness. His happiness lies in the energy with which he dedicates himself to the pursuit of evil. Second, having discovered that the negation of man was the way to power, and that only through the extreme expenditure of energy may one achieve this ultimate negation, then the libertine must protect his sovereign position through apathy toward any emotion which might debilitate this energy.

What I find most disturbing in reading Sade is not his viciousness, his anality and (ugh!) coprophilia, nor even his negative vision of man; it is that in reading him your lips tell you "no, no" but there's "yes, yes," in your mind. For you find yourself chuckling right along with Sade as one libertine performs the most outlandish torture upon another. Therefore, the most atrocious crime I can accuse Sade of is that he carves up the mind as viciously as he carved Rose Keller's back.

Sade's eroticism is greatly over-exaggerated. To be powerful, eroticism must be subtle, and Sade is about as subtle as a Polaroid party. From prison Sade wrote his wife, "I'll wager you imagined you were working wonders in reducing me to agonizing abstinence from the sins of the flesh. Well! you were quite mistaken . . . you've made me create phantoms which I must bring to life." Sade did create phantoms with super-desires and the super-strength and super-genitals required to perform super-deeds, but his phantoms have no life. Simone de Beauvoir wrote:

> "Not only do the orgies, to which he invites us, take place in no particular time or locality, but – what is more serious – no living people are brought into play. The victims are frozen in tearful abjection, and the torturers in their frenzy. Instead of giving them lifelike density, Sade merely daydreams about them. Remorse and disgust are unknown to them; at most they have feelings of satiety. They kill with indifference; they are abstract incarnations of evil. But unless eroticism has some social, familial, or human basis it ceases in any way to be extraordinary. It is no longer a conflict, a revelation, or an exceptional experience. It no longer reveals any dramatic relationship between individuals but reverts to biological crudity. . . . We see Sade's heroes only from without. They are as artificial and move in a world as arbitrary as Florian's shepherds. That is why these perverse bucolics have the austerity of a nudist colony."

Why did Sade write the dirty parts? I think for two reasons: the first, obviously for the erotic fantasies which they provided him, and which he would return to and enlarge and encrud. They *were* daydreams, just as were Genet's. The second reason was he wrote them perhaps as some form of Apologia: "I have supported my deviations with reasons; I did not stop at mere doubt; I have vanquished, I have uprooted, I have destroyed everything in my heart that might have interfered with my pleasures." Simone de Beauvoir again: ". . . It is not so much the reader to whom Sade is talking, but himself. His wearisome repetitions are tantamount to a purification rite whose repetition is as natural to him as a regular confession is to a good Catholic."

There is very little merit in Sade's literary products. *Justine* is readable only because it is so dirty. The reader watches "Miss Virtue of 1791" descend from one level of horrors to the next. Justine each time is surprised. She never learns, instead plunges – one hesitates to say "headlong" – into her next misadventure, with the reader caring less and less until finally when Justine is struck by a bolt of lightning (to Sade this was symbolic of the ultimate rejection of a deity: Would God strike Virtue?) the reader breathes a humble, "Thank God!"

Sade's *Philosophy in the Bedroom* is a training manual for libertinage, and is unquestionably the dirtiest section in this book. But most perverse is that right in the middle of the orgy there is a 43-page political pamphlet deceptively titled, "Yet Another Effort Frenchmen, If You Would Become Republicans." I found the section extremely funny, pure comic pornography providing a potpourri of *Tom Jones*, *Candy*, and Van De Velde. It is, however, very strong stuff.

Dialogue between a Priest and a Dying Man is what the title suggests, and it is an opportunity for Sade to expound upon his atheism. If I have one complaint with the publishers of this collection it is that they did not include Sade's essay *Pensée* as well. *Pensée* is the one which opens: "To man, God is precisely what colors are to a man born blind, impossible to imagine." However, if they had to choose just one, they chose correctly since the *Dialogue* is one of Sade's earliest works and certainly the most concise. Should the reader wish to obtain *Pensée* that essay is contained in the Evergreen paperback along with the "Must We Burn Sade?" essay by Simone de Beauvoir. The Evergreen paperback also contains a supplemental Chronology of Sade's life, and it was from this chronology that I quoted Rose Keller's accusation.

One other incidental note about Sade:

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In the sort of delightful irony of circumstance which a fiction writer would never be permitted to get away with, Sade had the perfect opportunity to get even with his mother-in-law, Lady de Montreuil. Sade had been freed from the Bastille during the Revolution and as a citizen of Paris faithfully attended his citizens' meetings, and because of his diligence eventually was elected President of his *Section des Piques*. He led a delegation to the National Assembly where he delivered a petition calling for the establishment of a cult of Virtues which would be religiously celebrated complete with hymns and incense. During that summer denunciations of citizens loyal to the former monarchy became so bloodthirsty that Sade resigned in protest over a proposal which he considered "horrible . . . utterly inhuman." And out of humaneness he rescued many of the accused, including his father-in-law and mother-in-law. "If I had said a word they would have been in for it," Sade wrote his lawyer, Gaufridy. "I kept silent; that's how I revenge myself."

Finally, in this Grove volume as with so much current dirty-book fiction one must wade through the sort of publisher's foreword or preface which explains in outraged piety that either (a) what you are about to read is not dirty-book fiction, but the fertile genius born of a tormented mind, or (b) a brilliant and incisive satire on our misoriented times, or (c) a brave new view of man's darkest secrets, or (d) a love so strange and so shocking that no one dares give it a name, or (e) all of the above – as is the case with the Marquis de Sade. The publishers include a foreword and a preface to make certain that the reader understands that the book is *art*. Art it is not. But it is fascinating.

In England's Green and Pleasant Land

by Honor Tracy

An idea for a literary quiz would be to take a few spare-time authors and invite competitors to deduce their other occupations from their work; that is to say, their gainful occupations. P. H. Newby's very entertaining novel under review here might be a subject for this, and the process of deduction somewhat as follows:

It has a certain lack of cohesion, a shifting emphasis, and the main character tends to change – rather than develop – as the story goes on. The novel has clearly had to be put aside fairly often, which suggests that the author's other job is a demanding one, nothing mechanical or nine-to-fiveish. It has a feeling of enclosure, a sense of reality being curtained off, as if he were not quite at home in the bustling workaday world. He must be a civil servant or an official but of what kind? Brush, the protagonist, is an Education Officer, but the author is witty, cultivated, and writes a beautiful English. Nothing doing here. Can the author be of the British Council? No, for then the story would be set in Palermo or Bangkok and the hero, as likely as not, a homosexual. Then that leaves us the BBC, but how in this case do we get round Brush? Would a responsible BBC executive represent such a man, drunken, dirty, sponging, lecherous, as connected with it, however tenuously?

One of the Founders
by P. H. Newby
(Lippincott; $4.95)

As Sherlock Holmes could have told his companion:

"My dear Watson, this very fact that you put forward as an objection is what proves the case beyond a doubt. A high official in another service would not do so, nor perhaps a junior in the BBC itself, particularly if engaged on one of the popular services. But are you not forgetting the Third Program, with its team of poets and writers, its respect for the individual and its devotion to freedom of speech and thought? Had there remained a doubt in my mind as to Mr. Newby's employment, Brush would have dispelled it."

Unmistakably, this novel is a product of the Third Program mind. It is all "live" issues and "contemporary"

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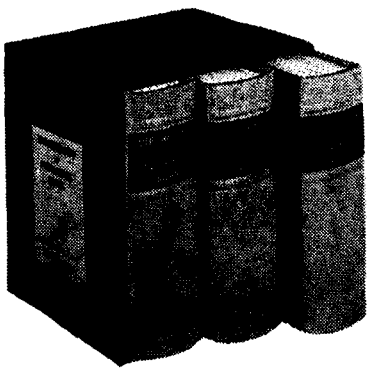

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themes, too fresh and unfermented for distilling into art but lending themselves to a kind of imaginative reportage. Mr. Newby is brilliant here, on the murder of the countryside, the proliferation of new towns and universities, the changes of social pattern, the culture born of telly-gazing, in short, the transformation of England into an "endless suburbia." The economy is admirable: 20 lines will portray the dire expansion of an old borough whose "Fourteenth Century church lost half of its graveyard to the road-wideners," and often a scrap of conversation reveals a whole mentality.

A Treasury official explains that Whitehall is obsessed by a wish, not for power, but to avoid work, and for this it pays to be absolutely right on every occasion:

> " 'How do you know when you're absolutely right?' asked Hedges.
> " 'Why,' said Bream, surprised by such simplicity, 'when we've done something that closes a file'."

Or take this little exchange between Hedges, the Education Officer, and Supple, Chairman of the Education Committee. Hedges calls in ornithology to illustrate the point he is making about his own behavior:

> " 'Do you know what a herring-gull does when it's interrupted at its feed by another herring-gull from another colony?'
> " 'You mean on the telly?'"

Hedges is trying to convey that his fervent advocacy of the new university for Perstowe, which he thought arose from public spirit, was in fact what naturalists call a "displacement activity," a nervous reaction to Brush stealing his wife: at 39 he is still continually exploring himself like an adolescent. But Hedges is too dim a person for us to care, so much a thing of shreds and patches that we often wonder what the author had in mind. He is supposed to be jolly and well-disposed, a believer in getting together and the use of Christian names, but his cruelty to Brush is sickening. Furthermore, Mr. Newby puts clever ideas of his own into his mouth, which not only makes the portrait hazier still but does nothing for the novel itself.

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Abstract discussions, no matter how profound, never help much. And Mr. Newby would have us believe that when Hedges Senior, a retired butcher, dies leaving a lot of money Hedges thinks of resigning and getting a butcher's shop of his own: that is dear old Third Program all over, too innocent to know that butchering is a skilled and exacting trade and not something for a weary middle-aged bureaucrat to fall back on.

Hedges, his love Prudence, his ex-wife Nell, all have this blurred and wavering outline, but some of the minor characters are excellent. Brush is clearly recognizable, although rather more horrible than life, and best of all is the old butcher with his sturdy John Bullishness and flow of reminiscence, a figure both lovable and authentic. There are also vivid and very funny sketches of an agnostic parson and a redoubtable, creaking landlady, as well as of local schemers and do-gooders. But Mr. Newby's feeling for all the children of his brain is avuncular rather than paternal, his true concern with place and situation, and of these he writes superbly.

One Man's Warning

by Alex Campbell

Sir Robert Vansittart was head of the British Foreign Office from 1930 to 1938 when he lost his job for pleading in season and out that a show of force could check Hitler. He was kicked upstairs and, after war vindicated him, created a baron. Ian Colvin was a reporter in Berlin in the thirties and all he saw of the Nazis convinced him Vansittart was right. He has been through Vansittart's papers and his book is the fruit. Since Vansittart's stand hardly requires justification at this late date, that is not the book's fascination. What makes it so is its revelation that Vansittart's failure lay in his not perceiving that everyone wanted Hitler stopped – but wanted him stopped by someone else.

None So Blind
by Ian Colvin
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.95)

Alfred North Whitehead pointed out that loathing of Nazism did not diminish American isolationism, it merely made Americans feel that England and France had a plain duty to rid the world of Hitler. Lord Lothian the British Ambassador to Washington thought England should dodge this draft by moving toward the American policy of "armed non-commitment." But Vansittart gloomily commented, "America would execrate us if we took such a line." Nevertheless British policy-makers had to reckon with the fact that plenty of Australians and Canadians didn't want to fight for Czechoslovakia; the Canadian, Australian and South African prime ministers all told the British prime minister so.

Chamberlain may have been pleased to hear it. It is a piquant thought that at this time Hitler was refusing to listen to his generals, but Chamberlain was heeding the British ones. The German generals advised the Fuehrer against war; he ignored them. The British generals warned Chamberlain that without a vast increase in armaments Britain risked defeat. Chamberlain decided that war was unthinkable, for two reasons (1) he knew Roosevelt disapproved of rearmament; (2) he himself as a sound Manchester businessman dreamed of a "golden age" of commerce around the corner provided Britain didn't beggar herself by wasting money on guns. Chamberlain wanted peace in our time to churn butter; Hitler had decided to get his butter at gunpoint.

Chamberlain's choice, made of course against Vansittart's advice, turned diplomatic London into Alice-in-Wonderland. As 1939 rolled on, Vansittart's successor, Sir Alexander Cadogan, mused, "I don't know *where* we are. We ought, I suppose, to make a stand (whatever that may mean), but after the prime minister's speech [all about the "golden age"], can we?" In the midst of this, the French President paid London a State visit. On Vansittart, who was now "chief diplomatic adviser," fell the task of managing theatrical entertainments, written by Sacha Guitry and Sir Seymour Hicks and performed in a temporary theatre under the glass roof of the India Office courtyard. Footmen wore 18th-Century livery at Buckingham Palace banquets. To please the French, War Minister Hore-Belisha spoke of creating 19 British divisions, but everyone knew nothing like that was in prospect. Lithuania was evacuating Memel, the Rumanians frantically signing away their mineral resources to Germany, the Dutch expecting a German ultimatum, Europe crumbling away:

"That night a chosen few danced

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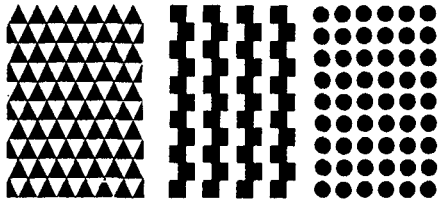

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at the Palace, and as Sir Robert and Lady Vansittart saw the tall spare figure of Lord Halifax bobbing round the floor with Madame Lebrun, blue garter sash and the garter badge itself around his calf, they thought of the fugitives of Europe and the war that was to be. . . . They left the gaiety and splendor and went back to 44 Park Street, overcome with foreboding, and found in the refrigerator for supper a slice of cold pie. They had witnessed the end of the golden age."

The Russians had perceived already that "Britain and France did not contemplate a direct guarantee of assistance to Soviet Russia, but only wished Russia to guarantee others." From this perception of Stalin's came the Nazi-Soviet pact, Stalin's precarious shield for two years. Everyone wanted Hitler to be stopped by someone else, right to the end: the British handed Hitler a note when he attacked Poland, but did not act on it because the French delayed mobilization; the French cannily said they would declare war six hours after the British did. Finally, reluctantly, an ultimatum was delivered to Hitler. It "was received by Hitler and Ribbentrop in disconcerted silence. At last Hitler asked, 'What do we do now?'." For of course Chamberlain's ditherings had almost persuaded the Fuehrer that Britain wouldn't fight. As German Embassy Counsellor Theo Kordt (who broke down and sobbed) exclaimed to Vansittart: "Why did you not make your decision last year? We could have prevented war. . . ." Which was what Vansittart had tried to make Chamberlain believe.

RECORDS

Stravinsky's Balanchine Ballets

After the presentation here, in the spring of 1937, of three ballets of Balanchine to musical scores by Stravinsky – *Apollo, Le Baiser de la Fée* and *Jeu de Cartes* – Paul Rosenfeld reported in *The New Republic* that *Jeu de Cartes'* "appearance of relative colossal magnitude was somewhat illusory, flowing to a distinct degree from the fact of its companions' puniness: a puniness the consequence of wooden choreography combined in one case with a vital if languidly classical score, and in the other with an interminable fantasia on themes of Tchaikovsky's. . . ." Rosenfeld wanted from Stravinsky works like *Le Sacre du Printemps*, which had provided him with an occasion for a prose fantasia about "the rhythms of machinery" that had, with Stravinsky, "entered musical art" (but that Stravinsky himself doesn't mention in his account of the idea of *Le Sacre*); and he didn't care much for the works that gave the play of Stravinsky's mind with the materials and styles of other music – as certain works of Beethoven and Brahms had given the play of their minds with a waltz of Diabelli, a caprice of Paganini. Actually this Stravinsky operation – like Beethoven's and Brahms' – achieves interesting and valuable results: in *Le Baiser de la Fée* the fitting of the reworked Tchaikovsky fragments into the contexts of Stravinsky's own materials produces what, for me, is Stravinsky's most beautiful and expressively affecting score; and *Apollo* is another lovely achievement of the same kind. Balanchine has said it was Stravinsky's *Apollo* that taught him the need of the discipline that achieved a similar unity of tone and style in his ballet. This disciplined operation in *Apollo* is fascinating to listen to in the characteristically clear and strong performance conducted by Stravinsky on Columbia ML-6046 and MS-6646; and the experience is enriched for me by my recollection of the imaginative Balanchine movements that work so marvelously with the music. The score for Balanchine's *Orpheus* that Stravinsky performs with the Chicago Symphony on the reverse side also has beautiful and expressive pages that are enriched by such remembered images of the movements, with some writing that I find as uninteresting as the movement – *e.g.*

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the dance of the Furies – with it. The stereo version has richer and warmer sound, but not the solidity down below nor the clearly and strongly defined bass line that the mono version offers.

The Angel series with Schnabel's recordings of Beethoven's sonatas concludes with his performances of the last sonatas: Op. 101 and Op. 109 on COLH-62; Op. 106 (*Hammerklavier*) on COLH-61; Op. 110 and Op. 111 on COLH-63. I have heard no performances that have even approximated in expressive power Schnabel's statements of the concluding variation movements of Op. 111 and Op. 109, the concluding Arioso and Fugue of Op. 110, the slow movement of Op. 106; none that articulated and shaped as clearly and beautifully as his the opening movements of Op. 101, Op. 109 and Op. 110. Even the occasional fast passage or turn that he cannot execute clearly doesn't lessen the magnitude of his performance of the opening movement of Op. 111. But much of the finale of Op. 101 is made blurred and misshapen by a technique inadequate for clear articulation of the awkward writing in the fast tempo he sets. And the technical inadequacy is much greater and more destructive in the opening movement of Op. 106 because of the tempo – clearly too fast for the proper character and articulation of the music – that he adopts in obedience to Beethoven's metronome marking ("a mistaken form of piety," in Tovey's opinion). The recorded sound of Op. 111, regrettably, is insufficiently bright (treble) and clear (bass); but the sound of the other sonatas is better.

After Rubinstein's more continent playing recently, it is disappointing to hear his overblown treatment of the grander of the eight Chopin Polonaises on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-7037 – Op. 40 No. 2, Op. 44 and, worst of all, Op. 53. (I was impressed by Cliburn's performance of Op. 53 when I first heard it; but listening to it now after Rubinstein's I marvel at the disciplined mastery of the Cliburn operation that holds the progression to an exactly right lilt and imposes on it an unfailing elegance and coherence. And this extraordinary artist is still being condescended to in the press.) On the other hand, in the quieter passages of the Polonaises Rubinstein ravishes ear and mind with his subtleties of phrasing and tone. And his performances of the Impromptus – which include the superb Op. 36 and the less familiar Op. 51 – are also fine.

Schubert's seldom-heard Sonata in C minor is played by Gary Graffman, on Columbia ML-6135 (mono), with sensitiveness and taste; but Webster Aitken's more powerfully detailed performance, less well recorded on EMS-110, reveals much in the work – above all in the finale – that Graffman isn't aware of. He deals more effectively with Schubert's less interesting *Wanderer* Fantasy on the reverse side.

Haydn's Quartets Op. 77 – of which No. 2 carries to incandescence the Haydn operation that is delightful in No. 1 – are on Deutsche Grammophon 18-940 (mono), played very well by the Amadeus Quartet. But the more sharply rhythmed and inflected playing of the Schneider Quartet – notably Schneider's phrasing in the Adagio of No. 1 – makes me prefer its performances on Haydn Society 9095, even with their recorded sound of years ago.

Six songs of Dowland – including *Sorrow, Stay, Time's Eldest Son, Old Age* and *In Darkness Let Me Dwell* – are on one side of Victor LM- and LSC-2819, sung well by Peter Pears with sensitive lute accompaniments by Julian Bream.

Callas, on Angel 36239 (mono), begins with superbly expressive and surprisingly agreeable-sounding singing of the low-ranging *"Nacqui all' affano"* from Rossini's *Cenerentola,* and continues with impressively secure delivery of the later florid *"Non più mesta,"* but ends disastrously with a high B so wobbly as to sound like a trill. *"Selva opaca"* from Rossini's *William Tell* also is sung well except when it rises into the higher range in which Callas' voice wobbles badly; and the wobbly high notes are increasingly disturbing in the higher-ranging arias from Rossini's *Semiramide* and Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment, L'Elisir d'Amore* and *Lucrezia Borgia.*

B. H. HAGGIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. B. Bryan's *book,* P. S. Wilkinson, *was the Harper Prize Novel last season.* Honor Tracy *is the author of* The Straight and Narrow Path.

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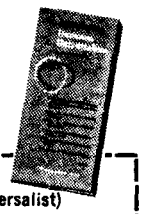

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Correspondence

Crime in the Streets

Sirs:

I am disturbed by Judge Skelly Wright's recent article ("Crime in the Streets and The New McCarthyism," October 9) on the question of police interrogation. There is at present a great debate among lawyers and scholars as to the proper scope of police interrogation of an accused person. Until recently the law has allowed the police to question an accused for a reasonable time, by reasonable methods, without the presence of a lawyer to warn the accused that he need not answer. There is no doubt that the current practice often permits brutal methods of interrogation commonly known as "the third degree." But completely to forbid interrogation of the accused following arrest may so drastically curb law enforcement as to lead to a loss of public confidence and security. We must, therefore, seek to devise a procedure which will curb police abuse but afford a reasonable opportunity for effective interrogation.

This is an issue that cannot be solved by appeals to the catchwords and slogans of the so-called "liberal" persuasion. We must agree with Judge Wright that the Bill of Rights "protects all of us or none of us" but that hardly advances the argument as to what protection the Bill of Rights affords. Again, we must agree that the Constitution should change with the times and embrace evolving concepts of decency. We must agree that in the past many practices tolerated by the Court were cruel and barbaric; we must rejoice that now the Court can be relied upon to condemn instances of such cruelty. But these considerations do not *ipso facto* validate every change advocated by a handful of judges who seek to put the change beyond question by reading it into the Constitution. Nor is it a conclusive argument, even though relevant, against an existing rule that it bears more hardly on the poor than on the rich. The ground rules governing a balanced society cannot be constructed primarily around the plight of the unfortunate. Furthermore, the crimes that most distress the public, murder for example, are committed by and upon all degrees of the population; and may also be those which require interrogation for their solution.

The police and their supporters claim that the current enlargement of the rights of the accused is responsible for the increase in crime. This, as Judge Wright and others have argued, is doubtful – there are other far more likely causes. But it is not enough simply to counter the exaggerations of "the other side." More basic than the matter of increase in crime is the qualitative enforcement of the criminal law. The question cannot be resolved by statistics. A given number of unsolved or unpunished crimes of a certain character may be statistically insignificant but symbolically of great moment; for the function of the criminal law is in large measure symbolic. That function is to maintain the citizen's

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sense of security, to assure him that he is protected by an effective system of law. In every criminal case there are two legitimate concerns: a due regard for the interest of the accused and a due regard for the interests of the group. I do not know what the solution of the conflict in this area should be. It has been suggested that there be present at the interrogation a third person, not as a representative of the accused, but as an observer. In any case the problem is one to be resolved by a reasoned consideration of the conflicting interests rather than by a confrontation of the slogans of the Right and the Left.

Louis L. Jaffe
Harvard Law School

Those Car Prices

Sirs:

With reference to your October 9 issue (TRB, "Those Car Prices"): "The Council of Economic Advisers has pleaded with car manufacturers to use a portion of their immense profits (estimated at $2 billion this year for GM) to reduce prices. . . . Instead, Chrysler, GM and Ford are raising prices." I buy eight national newspapers every day and the only automobile manufacture who raised prices was Chrysler; *GM and Ford kept their prices the same as last year.*

Robert J. Jourdan, Jr.
Galion, Ohio

In reply:

GM and Ford raised new car prices by about $50. Chrysler prices went even higher, depending on the model. All three claimed the approximate $50 increase was the cost of safety equipment pushed on them by the government.

GM arrived at its 1966 prices as follows: It took the base car price, added on the safety package (figured on the basis of accessory cost at last year's optional price), and then favorably compared the total with last September's prices. They looked about even, with prices this year a touch cheaper. But this was a distorted picture for two reasons: 1) the September, 1964 price included a 10 percent excise tax. The tax now is reduced to 7 percent. 2) The total cost for safety equipment is distorted, since the cost to the company of manufacturing accessories declines when they become a part of the standard manufacturing process.

Ford used the same gimmicks.

Chrysler added additional optional equipment that had nothing to do with safety which sent its prices above the general $50 increases. The Editors

Death of a Newspaper

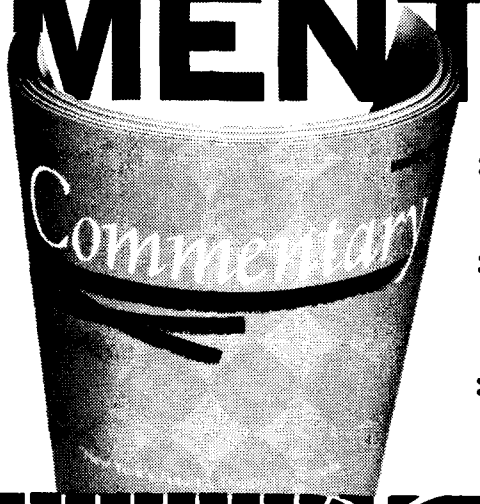
Sirs:

When a good newspaper dies, some of our freedom dies with it. *The Indianapolis Times,* a Scripps-Howard paper with a circulation of about a hundred thousand, went to press for the last time on Monday, October 11, 1965. I had heard of newspapers folding up . . . but when it happened in my own home town, the seriousness of the loss was brought home.

Roy Howard cut his journalistic teeth at the *Times,* and Ernie Pyle was a

COMMENTARY*

WHAT IS IT?



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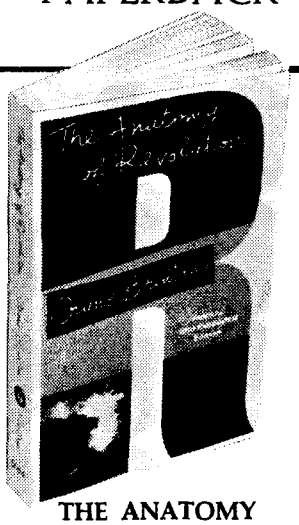

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Times reporter. In the late twenties the *Times* won a Pulitzer prize for helping to break up the KKK in Indiana, and during the sixties it had been fighting the revived Klan and the John Birch Society. With the *Times* gone, Indianapolis will be served only by the Indianapolis *Star* and the Indianapolis *News*, owned by the same man and both ultraconservative.

Indiana has two Democratic Senators, a half Democratic House delegation, and a Democratic state government. But with the demise of the largest moderate paper in the state, trouble looms. Senator Birch Bayh will certainly have a rougher time getting reelected. . . .

The *Times* died because readers and advertisers did not care enough, because they did not appreciate the importance of a free press and of competition in the market place of ideas and information. . . . *Alex Randall*
Indianapolis, Indiana

Vietnam Blitz

Sirs:

Bernard B. Fall's article of October 9, "Vietnam Blitz: A Report on the Impersonal War," its subjective merits or demerits aside, contains a not uncommon error with regard to a term used by Army Intelligence. EEI's are not "estimates of enemy intentions" but in fact Elements of Essential Information, that is, the highest priority intelligence requirements of a commander. . . .

Douglas L. Wheeler
Durham, N. H.

Technology of Instruction

Sirs:

Christopher Jencks' reference to "the usual nonsense about courses in audiovisual aids" ("Education: What Next?", October 16) identifies him as vastly uninformed about present developments in the technology of instruction. An educational luddite, Jencks seems ill-equipped to discuss "What Now?" but you have him doing "What Next?" A Battleship Admiral writing on the future of sea power?

Robert C. Snider
National Education Association
Department of Audovisual Instruction

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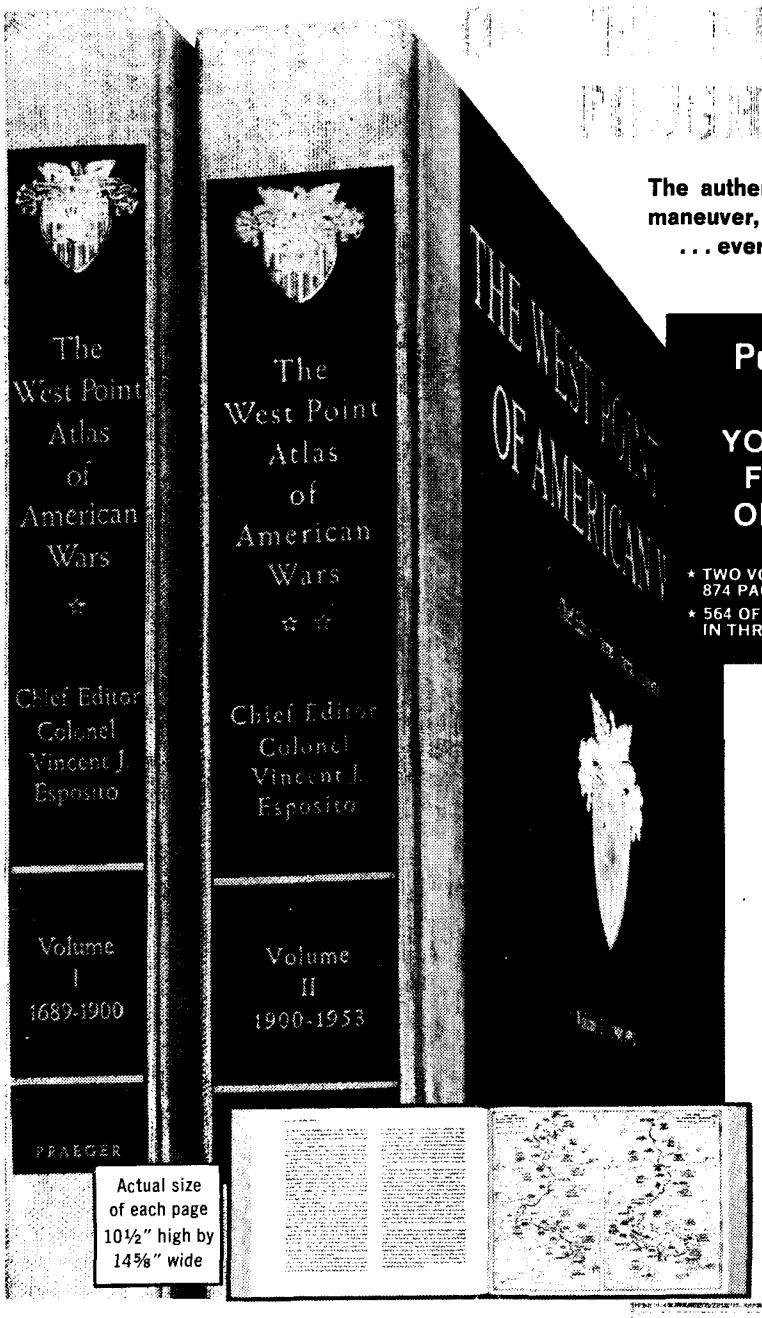
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